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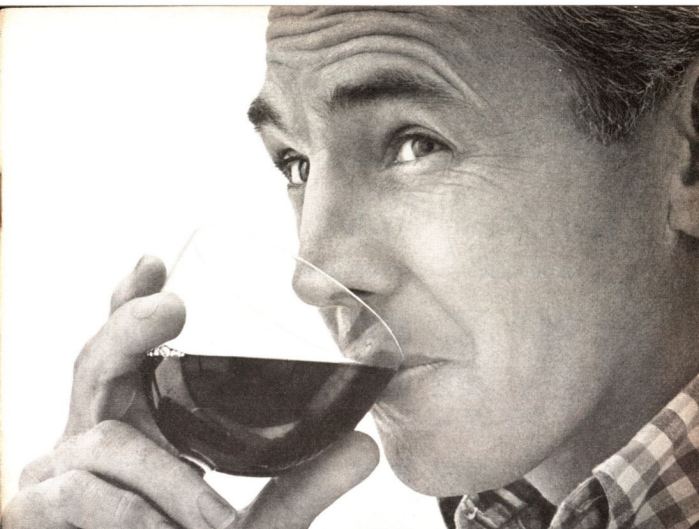
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 22

THE TONIGHT SHOW (NBC, 11:15 p.m.-1 a.m.). Pat Boone takes over this week as host during Johnny Carson's vacation. Color.

Friday, July 24

ON PARADE (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Singer Tony Bennett displays his talents in an elaborately staged solo concert.

THE JACK PAAR SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Paar repeats his three-day visit to Dr. Albert Schweitzer's hospital at Lambaréné, Gabon, Color.

Saturday, July 25

SIXTH U.S.-RUSSIAN TRACK MEET (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). The Soviets are given the best chance ever to defeat the U.S. male team while maintaining their consistent supremacy over the girls. The competition is held at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Sunday, July 26

SIXTH U.S.-RUSSIAN TRACK MEET (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Second day's events, including film clips of the American and Soviet athletes living and training together at the University of Southern California. Coverage continues at 10-11 p.m.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Ed's guest is Broadway Star Steve Lawrence.

Tuesday, July 28

TEXACO STAR PARADE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). The third of Composer-turned-Producer Meredith Willson's musical specials presents a slate of young talent. Guests include Singers Joe and Eddie, Jack Jones, and Vikki Carr.

THEATER

On Broadway

Visitors in New York for the fair or en route abroad can refresh their spirits, stimulate their minds, or fill up preparatory hours with some fine summer holdovers:

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, but the theme is thorns in this perceptive new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed blood-letting that drains people who live within the closeness of the family without being close. The playwright could not have dreamed of a better cast than Irene Dailley, Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen.

HAMLET is played by Richard Burton as Hamlet wanted to be—the self-assured ruler of his fortunes, and never the tormented prey of a tragic destiny. It is a portrayal alight with intelligence, but rarely alive with feeling.

FUNNY GIRL, based on the life of Fanny Brice, is an entertaining excuse—if any is needed—to see an exciting New Broadway star who is far more than an entertainer, Barbra Streisand.

HIGH SPIRITS. Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes are probably creatures of their own imaginations, since even Author Noel Coward could quite conceive such zany stage sprites.

DYLAN is another acting triumph for Alec Guinness, as he embodies the poetic fire, the playful wit, the alcoholic antics and the fierce urge to self-destruction that

constituted the life and legend of Dylan Thomas.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkenst sense of humor that leads to precious little love-making but does produce an unreasonable amount of fun-making.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK turns a six-fight walk-up into a cascade of laughs about young love in Manhattan.

Off Broadway

THE KNACK is a fantastically droll British bedroom farce played out in an all but bare room. If one can imagine three perplexed and at times almost pathetic Marx Brothers chasing a plump country girl, with the cry of "Rape!" punctuating the air like "Tallyho!", one gets a glimmer of Playwright Ann Jellicoe's comic instincts.

DUTCHMAN. A sex-teasing white girl lures and then tongue-lashes a sedate Negro in a subway car until he turns on her with a venomous tirade of racial hate. Playwright LeRoi Jones aims to terrify, and between stations he succeeds.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. This tragic masterpiece by Euripides is 2,400 years old, but in its current superb production, it is the most profoundly alive drama to be found in New York.

RECORDS

Folk Music & Blues

A FOLKSINGER'S CHOICE (Elektra). Known especially for his performances of Yiddish and Hebrew songs, Theodore Bikel turns now to traditional Scotch, Irish and contemporary American music. Bikel can change dialects at the sound of a chord, and is at home wherever there is a smile (*Away with Rum*) or a tear (*Come Away Melinda*).

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO SING (Elektra) and perhaps more is sung by Songwriter Phil Ochs, who moves in the same circles as Bob Dylan and, like him, is a disciple of Woody Guthrie. Only 23, Ochs has put to music most of yesterday's headlines: *Too Many Martyrs* (about Medgar Evers), *Talking Cuban Crisis* and even the *Automation Song*. The songs most likely to last are poetic if heavy protests like *Knock on the Door*, an indictment of Soviet terror, and *Low Marsh*, a ballad about a social worker murdered in Spanish Harlem.

THE RURAL BLUES (RBF: 2 LPs). These are the original blues, collected and classified by their indefatigable historian, Samuel Charters, and sung by some of the Southern Negroes who in the last 50 years developed the new form from the work songs of slave days. The recording includes singers like Sleepy John Estes, Bukka White, Peg Leg Howell, Ham Gravy, and Kokomo Arnold (with his wild fall skip). Not all the songs are as rural as Skipp Jones's *Little Cow and Calf* Is Gonna Die Blues.

GOOD TIME! (Vanguard). The three young Rooftop Singers are working well-explored territory (*Rock Island Line*, *Old Joe Clark*, *It Don't Mean a Thing*), but they make the songs worth hearing again because of their style and a gleeful spontaneity reminiscent of the early Weavers.

OUT CAME THE BLUES (Decca). Some of the rural bluesmen made it to Chicago, and this swinging thesaurus of the '30s

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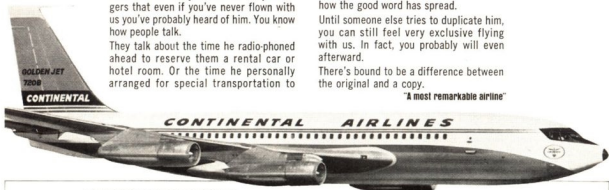
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was mostly recorded there. It celebrates the faithfulness of women (Big Joe Turner's *Little Bit of Gal's Blues* and Johnnie Temple's *Louise Blues*) and, on the other hand, the rascality of men, as in *My Man Jumped Sassy on Me*, sung by Rosetta Crawford. According to Georgia White, "The blues ain't nothin' but a good woman feelin' bad."

FOK BANJO STYLES (Elektra). The banjo, the only instrument native to the U.S., is becoming as much a part of the summer landscape as the mosquito. Here is a recital (*Flop-Eared Mule, Nine Hundred Miles, Goodbye Old Boogie*) in various styles by four experts. On the sleeve, there is a written exposition for beginning listeners of plain and fancy picking: frailing, up-picking, two-finger, three-finger, and the virtuoso Scruggs style.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I SAID! (Mercury). The Smithers Brothers sing straight and well on occasion, but their mission in life is their antic spoofing of the folk scene, which appeals especially to teen-agers. Their latest is not as funny as *Think Ethnic!*, where they expounded their own crazy version of *John Henry* and sang, "Black is the color of my love's true hair."

CINEMA

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Under John Huston's shrewd direction, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Richard Burton unpack their troubles at a seedy Mexican hotel in a drama that stirs the senses, persuades the mind, and sometimes touches the heart.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A young girl stumbles from the path of virtue into a nightmare of brutal Sicilian social codes in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragedy-comedy, which makes his wildly wicked *Divorce—Italian Style* seem an exercise in restraint.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As Inspector Clouseau of the Sûreté, Peter Sellers prattles his way through a multiple murder case and proves beyond reasonable doubt that he is one of the funniest men alive.

ZULU. A brisk, bloody, eye-filling adventure inspired by the heroism of 130 British soldiers who fought off 4,000 Zulu warriors at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

MAFIOSO. Sicily again, with Alberto Sordi caught in the insidious toils of the Mafia while Director Alberto Lattuada serves up some small but gloriously garlicky slices of provincial life.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. French Director Philippe de Broca's wacky parody of Hollywood adventure movies propels Jean-Paul Belmondo through a series of wonderfully absurd dangers, smack into the arms of a drugged damsel in distress.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. In this stylish British comedy, a lowly clerk, Alan Bates, rises in the Establishment by coolly perfecting a program of lies, theft, courtship and homicide.

THE ORGANIZER. In this vivid, timeless beautiful account of a 19th century textile strike in Turin, Marcello Mastroianni fascinatingly portrays the early labor leader as a kind of holy hoodlum.

BOOKS

Best Reading
THE FAR FIELD. by Theodore Roethke. These poems, written in the last seven years before Roethke died of a heart attack, are beautiful in themselves and provide for him an astonishingly true memori-

al. All the themes of which he was a master reappear—the greenhouse, the root, the plant and a troubled reaching toward God.

TO AN EARLY GRAVE. by Wallace Markfield. On a kind of comic Volkswagen odyssey through Brooklyn, four Greenwich Village intellectuals search for the funeral of a compatriot and discover themselves: pathetic, rather pretentious fellows who at heart prefer the cult of Humphrey Bogart to the cult of the *Partisan Review*.

TWO NOVELS. by Brigitt Brophy. An Oxford classics don, Novelist Brophy is best known for her savage book reviews in English periodicals. In these two new lightly plotted and wickedly brilliant novellas about a New Year's Eve amorous adventure, and the about-face of a Lesbian schoolmistress, she shows the elegant artifices and tricks of style of a latter-day Ronald Firbank.

THE SCARPER. by Brendan Behan. To "scarper" in Gaelic is to escape, and Behan runs off with some Dublin weirdos glorifying their past and dreaming their future. This short novel is vintage Behan (1953).

A MOVEABLE FEAST. by Ernest Hemingway. This memoir of Paris, which the author suggested should be read as fiction, has a ghostly quality: it reads as if the author had written in the '20s what in fact he wrote in the '50s. All the famous writers are there: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, the Fitzgeralds, characterized memorably, if sometimes nastily.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY. by John Le Carré. A reissue of the author's first two books in one volume. One is a slightly fey mystery set in C. Day Lewis' social set at Oxford; the other is a dress rehearsal for *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*—with all the props, some of the characters and bleak tone. Both plots are exciting.

JULIAN. by Gore Vidal. Into his fleeting reign as Emperor of Rome (A.D. 361-363) Julian crammed enough wars and grandiose plans to make Alexander the Great seem inert. With elegance and flourish, Vidal's novel records every last adventure, including Julian's attempt to abolish Christianity, but it does not quite capture its elusive subject.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *Armageddon*, Uris (3)
4. *Julian*, Vidal (4)
5. *Candy*, Southern and Hoffenberg (5)
6. *The Spire*, Golding (6)
7. *The Group*, McCarthy (7)
8. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (8)
9. *The 480*, Burdick (9)
10. *The Martyred*, Kim

NONFICTION

1. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (1)
2. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (2)
3. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (9)
4. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (3)
5. *Harlow*, Schuman (6)
6. *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, Salinger and Vanocur
7. *Crisis in Black and White*, Silberman (4)
8. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (7)
9. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (10)
10. *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, Silver



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LETTERS

Through Faulkner's Eyes

Sir: The cover story on William Faulkner (July 17) is a beautiful job—the clearest, fairest, most concise explanation of Faulkner's philosophy and purpose in life that I have ever read. We were proud here at Random House to be his publisher, and I personally considered his friendship a compliment beyond measure. Incidentally, every one of Faulkner's books is now either back in print—for good—or in the course of production.

BENNETT CERF
President

Random House, Inc.
New York City

Sir: How provocative and useful for TIME to investigate today's South by analyzing Faulkner's work and not that of some sociological survey. We are taught that one does understand a time by evaluating its literature, and in this case it's completely true.

JOHN HESS
Executive Editor

Meredith Press
New York City

Sir: Perhaps, in Faulkner's words, and with the assistance of TIME, "man will not merely endure: he will prevail." It is through the perceptive insight of stories like this that William Faulkner's dream will come true.

JAMES C. ISRAELSON

Denver

Sir: Because of my fondness for Faulkner, I especially appreciated your analysis of the caustic situation in the South. It is a good lesson, before we castigate the South, to look at it through the eyes of Faulkner—objectively and critically, yet with understanding and compassion.

KATHRYN M. LAWRENCE
Alexandria, Va.

Sir: May I suggest that Horace Judson relinquish his job with TIME to take a professorship in English, teaching the honors program. His keen insight as a critic of Faulkner resulted in one of the best estimates of that writer I've ever read. It is a masterpiece.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE, V.H.M.
The Academy of the Visitation
St. Louis

Sir: The immediacy that both Faulkner and the race problem have for Southerners constrains us from reading Faulkner as a polemic for the 1964 "civil rights" bill. Indeed, you have read into Faulkner a conclusion that a thorough study does not warrant. I find in Faulkner a neurotic impasse between the direction of conscience and intellect, versus the guidance of sentiment, tradition, and the uncommon similarity of experience Southerners live with.

WILL WORTHINGTON

Jackson, Miss.

Sir: Admittedly William Faulkner had much to say about the racial issue and did much to clarify the historical and psychological patterns that motivate racist activity in the South. However, it is a gross mistake to leave the impression that his fame rests on this fact. A thousand years from now, when other issues dominate the mass media of the day, William Faulkner will still be recognized (along with Shakespeare, Milton and others) as a giant among literary artists. William Faulkner

used the myth of the South to embody universal answers to universal questions—not to explain the racial situation in the South.

Fulton, N.Y.

Sir: William Faulkner is just another of those Southern "gentlemen" and "aristocrats" who have helped to encourage violence against black people by taking that "May my people always be right, but my people right or wrong" attitude. This is exactly what Robert E. Lee and others did at the time of the Civil War. Faulkner's famous quote cannot be beautified by encasing it in psychological jargon. Such men have a definite responsibility for the atrocities that have occurred in the South for the past 350 years.

LYNN STEWART

New York City

Sir: As a Mississippian and student of Faulkner's works who was privileged to discuss his literary inventions and creations with him, and as one who learned from him not only a concern for the social-racial problems of our state, but also "a feeling from the heart for man's plight," I am grateful to your writer and editors for their sagacious presentation of Mr. Faulkner's works in a nonpolitical, unbiased context. The article is painfully apropos in its analysis of my state, my people, the South, and mankind. Faulkner pleads for understanding, not for retribution. I plead for a concentrated and dedicated effort to understand, and then to alleviate the problem of conflict between the emotions and the intellect of the people of my state, the South, and the world.

WILLIAM MILES
Collinsville, Miss.

Sir: I would expect to find a work of art such as Robert Vickrey's portrait of William Faulkner in a \$25 art book or in a museum. You seem to have all the great artists, but this one tops anything I've seen. Let's have more pen and ink drawings by Robert Vickrey!

HAROLD SNYDER JR.
York, Pa.

The G.O.P. at San Francisco

Sir: I firmly believe that the only man capable of leading this country is Barry Goldwater. This man will bring back something that has been missing for many years: the dignity of the individual.

EUGENE ZENONE
Yeaton, Pa.

Sir: It seems a shame that the only ones who want Senator Goldwater are the people.

MRS. JACKSON TODD
Marion, Ind.

Sir: I am ashamed of Ike, horrified at Dirksen, scornful of Halleck et al., saddened by my party's platform, disturbed by the *coup d'état* of my party by a subtly militant minority, repulsed by its nominee, and reconciled to voting for Lyndon in November.

PATRICIA J. PALMER
Auburndale, Mass.

Sir: Because Goldwater supporters claim that anyone who is not for their man is not a true American—as I have read in your Letters section—after 50 years as a Republican, I will vote for his opponent in November.

W. A. WOLSTENHOLME
Philadelphia

Sir: With bleary eyes and dragging tail, I watched the G.O.P. platform floor "fight" from start to embarrassing finish. As a result, I am getting the hell out of the extremist-controlled, hate-catering Republican Party. I renounce any allegiance to a party that blindly follows "Barry the Great" down the steep road to extinction.

PATRICIA MISKELLY
Baltimore

Sir: I wholeheartedly agree with General Eisenhower's statement that extremism at either end of the political spectrum is wrong. But it appears that most key Republican politicians, who are bending over backwards for the Negro vote, can think of denouncing by name only such organizations as the Christian Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society. They seem to forget that CORE and the Black Muslims also stir up much contempt and hatred.

RICHARD DAVIS
Philadelphia

Sir: It took an illustrious member of the G.O.P., namely General Dwight D. Eisenhower, to finally call attention to all the so-called commentators who foist their miserable opinions on the listening public. Their methods of putting words into other people's mouths certainly show up disgracefully on television.

PEARL NEELY
Philadelphia

Sir: You quote Governor Scrantom: "If a man [Goldwater] marching in a parade discovers that his cadence is different from every other marcher, who is he to say that the rest are out of step?" [July 10]. It

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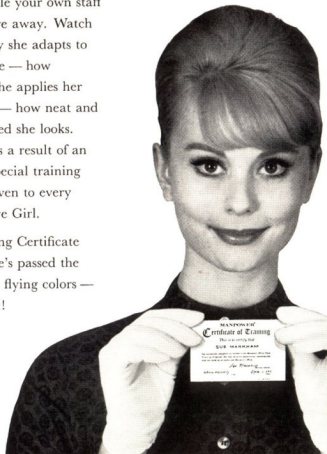
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was Thoreau who said, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." If the Republican Party is to remain a viable part of the American political party system, I suggest it nurture more Goldwaters and fewer Scrantons and Rockefellerers.

RODNEY REDDING

Waterville, Me.

Sir: How can some people say that Dirksen is wrong in endorsing Barry Goldwater? His endorsing of Barry shows not only what a great man Dirksen is but also how many good Republicans back Goldwater.

DOUGLAS B. HOEHN

Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir: Governor Scranton, after raising so many hopes by promising a bombshell in the convention, merely showed that no one has explained to him the difference between a bombshell and a bomb.

JOHN L. ANDERSON

Glen Gardner, N.J.

Sir: You can't help admiring a man like Scranton. His campaign never had a chance. Yet bravely and confidently—even desperately—he fought his (or is it America's?) losing battle.

ROSITA LOECHEL

San Leandro, Calif.

Sir: The churlish booing and hissing that greeted Rockefeller's efforts to reconcile the G.O.P. platform with the 20th century is demonstrative of the contempt in which the right-wing extremists and their dupes held mainstream Republicanism. If the G.O.P. recoups its stature in this generation, it will be because of Rockefeller and the other gallant warriors who chose not the neutral corner of Dickie and Ike, but who, being somewhat more cognizant of history, fought the good fight to keep Know Nothingism where it belongs—in the junk pile of rejected extremist efforts.

FRANKLIN LAMB

Boston

Sir: I am shocked beyond words that Senator Dominick in his convention speech opposing the anti-Bircher platform amendment failed to point out that he was using phony documentation. Not everyone knows that the New York Times was founded in 1851; therefore his "1765" Times "editorial" denouncing Patrick Henry as an "extremist" was a figment of Dominick's own dubious imagination. Such essentially devious tactics smack of McCarthy. What a frightful forecast of Goldwater campaign methods!

PAT FOX

New York City

► Colorado Senator Dominick later admitted that he was only spoofing.—Eb.

Sir: Today the Republican Convention; Tomorrow the World!

WILLIAMSON MURRAY

ARTHUR W. GRIFFITH JR.

New York City


Sir: I am a Republican, and I thought that the floor debate on the Republican platform was incredible to behold. The determined vindictiveness and deliberate refusal, evidenced by most of the delegates, to consider rational appeals was a sterling example of the extremism they refused to condemn. Lincoln's body was exhumed, publicly spat upon, and dumped into the icy Bay waters. The destalinization of Russia could not have been more

TIME, JULY 24, 1964



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complete than was the de-Lincolnization of this Republican Convention.

MAHLON H. SMITH III

Paramus, N.J.

Sir: It is a shock to realize that the Republican woodwork does not house mousy moderates like myself, but is infested with concealed conservative addicts. Mr. President, could you find room for another volunteer?

MRS. EDWARD W. JESSOP

Guilford, Conn.

Sir: Hell, I'd vote for Lunkhead Lyndon before I'd ballot for Barry.

PATRICIA PARRELLA

North Haven, Conn.

Boating Gloomer?

Sir: I just saw your picture of L.B.J. boating [July 17], or was it really ex-King Farouk gloating?

(MRS.) CATHERINE S. BARONE

Jamestown, N.Y.

Not a Word

Sir: My memory is not what it used to be, but I am quite certain that I have never in my life written a single word in *National Review* [July 10], except perhaps a couple of complaining letters like this. I am not now and never have been a conservative.

CLINTON ROSSITER

Ithaca, N.Y.

Welcomed Invaders

Sir: In your July 17th Letters column, J. David Kelley of New Jersey claims that Northerners would "react violently to an equal number of Southern students entering Harlem with a similar purpose" of voter registration. The annual voter registration drive under way in Harlem welcomes any and all assistance offered by any person, Northern or Southern, black or white.

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL III*

New York City

Helpful Wall Street

Sir: In the article about Sperry Rand [July 3], it was stated that I charged that Wall Streeters have been knocking Sperry stock "in hopes of buying it on the cheap." I cannot understand how your writer obtained the impression that I made such a statement. This is contrary to the facts. Wall Street, through the years, has been extremely helpful to our corporation.

H. F. VICKERS

President

Sperry Rand Corp.

New York City

* Son of New York's Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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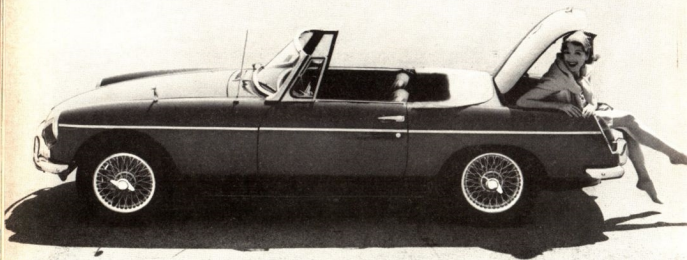


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THROUGH the long hours of the Republican National Convention, the fade-out, fade-in of the television cameras relentlessly followed some part of the action, at times fascinating and at others simply boring. Every day the newspapers rolled out with instant analyses that often had to change in tone from edition to edition. TIME, by its very nature, viewed the scene in deeper perspective. What happened minute by minute and hour by hour was often important. But why did it happen that way, and what did it mean in sum?

Twenty-one correspondents from half a dozen TIME bureaus spent the week in San Francisco pursuing the answers. They were joined for part of the week by the staff to whom they were reporting—Nation Editor Champ Clark and twelve writers and researchers, who flew back to New York after the presidential nomination to begin putting together the stories that lead off this week's magazine.

The staffer who had the most inside view was Washington Correspondent Loy Miller, who camped at Barry Goldwater's headquarters on the 15th floor of the Mark Hopkins Hotel and followed the candidate almost everywhere he went, including Phoenix at week's end. Miller has done a major share of the reporting for all five of Goldwater's appearances on TIME's cover.* Over the years, Miller has traveled some 100,000 miles with Barry, has interviewed him in an Air Force T-39 jet trainer at 45,000 ft., and 450 knots, followed his dog sled in New Hampshire, and discovered that he likes to wear a white nightshirt with the words "Goldwater's Body Shop—24 Hour Service" embroidered in red on the back. So complete is Miller's file of notes and copy on Goldwater that when he packed it all into a suitcase for the trip to the West



LOY MILLER IN SAN FRANCISCO

Coast, he had to pay \$34 overweight.

Looking back over what we have said in the last four years about Barry Goldwater's political prospects, we feel that paying close and knowing attention to his situation has been well worth the effort. Reporting on his dramatic popularity at the 1960 G.O.P. National Convention, we pointed out in the Aug. 8, 1960, issue that he would stand in a highly important position in the party if Richard Nixon lost the presidential election. By June 23, 1961, we found him riding a wave of support that could "make him the party's presidential standard-bearer in 1964." Again assaying his position, on June 14, 1963, we concluded that "if the Republican National Convention were to be held today, Goldwater would almost certainly be its presidential nominee." Last May 8, a month before the California primary and more than two months before the nomination, our report was: "Goldwater's almost got it."

As the 1964 political season moves on to its climax, our continuing aim is to keep the reader ahead of up-to-date.

* The four previous: June 23, 1961; June 14, 1963; June 12, 1964; and July 10 (with Everett Dirksen).

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1



Did you ever consider that George might run for President? *I think it's a distinct possibility.*

2



I wonder if he'd run as a Republican or a Democrat. *He really hasn't committed himself.*

3



I think we're both jumping the gun in talking about his chances. *Well, he is only 3. He may yet decide to be a physicist specializing in the interaction of refractory light waves.*

4



He definitely is college material. *No doubt about that. The only problem is—where are we going to get the money to put him through college?*

5



Oh, we'll have the money, all right. *John, do you have a nest-egg you're keeping secret from me?*

6



No, but I have something just as good—Equitable's College Policy. It guarantees money will be there to pay for George's education. Pays double the benefits if I'm not there. And by getting the policy now, we can afford it easily, because we can spread the premiums over a long period of years. *I'm glad I have you to lean on.*



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TIME

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THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

The New Thrust

If it was not a new Republican Party that emerged from San Francisco's Cow Palace last week, it was at least a much different one. It spoke with the accents of small-town America. Its muscle came no longer from the moneyed influential East, but from the South and the West with their oil and aerospace industries. And, remarkably, although the party is predominantly white, Anglo-Saxon and Protestant, it chose as its candidates Barry Morris Goldwater, 55, who is half-Jewish, and William E. Miller, 50, who is a Roman Catholic.

Deep Disquiet. Goldwater won the presidential nomination by arduously cultivating support at the precinct and county levels. By the time the convention got started last week, his hard work had already paid off, and he had more than enough delegates to assure him of a first-ballot nomination.

What helped clinch it for Goldwater was the fact that a strong conservative tide was running in the U.S., fed by a deep disquiet at the grass roots over the role of an ever-expanding Government. Goldwater and the tide came together, and the one could not have succeeded without the other. Between them, they submerged the moderate wing of the G.O.P.

In Goldwater, the Republican Party's conservatives have the choice that they have been demanding for a generation. With Lyndon Johnson straddling the middle road, Barry was in fact about the only leading Republican capable of offering such a choice. And his acceptance speech, vintage Goldwater in its demand for domestic conservatism and a firm foreign policy, indicated that this year the choice would be quite clear-cut.

Goldwater called for fiscal responsibility to maintain a suitable climate for a free economy. He called for individual freedom to help insure the fulfillment of the "whole man." He attacked the Democrats for using too much governmental power at home and too little abroad in the struggle with Communism. The goal of the U.S., he said, was "to flourish as the land of the free, not to stagnate in the swampland of collectivism, not to cringe before the bully of Communism." In a phrase reminiscent of Wendell Willkie's acceptance speech in 1940, he cried: "Only the



THE TICKET

When the man and the tide came together.

strong can remain free; only the strong can keep the peace."

Switchblade Issue. Goldwater also turned to a couple of issues that had preoccupied the convention throughout the week. One was the so-called "switchblade issue," first introduced at the convention when Dwight Eisenhower voiced his concern over crime in the cities. It was an issue that obviously touched nerve ends among the delegates. It makes sense as a national issue only if considered in conjunction with the "white backlash." Goldwater seized on it, warning of "the growing menace" to life and property in America's big cities and demanding governmental action.

The second issue was extremism. It had produced the major conflict of the convention when the G.O.P. moderates sought to insert an anti-extremism plank in the party platform. Goldwater's delegates shouted them down, and Barry threw the issue back in the moderates' faces. "I like those lines," he

said, and he ordered them underlined in his printed text. "I would remind you," the lines went, "that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice! And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue!"

In the abstract, the lines are unimpeachable; in the context that Goldwater used them, they were questionable. They drew tumultuous cheers from the delegates; they also got Barry embroiled in a thunderous dispute. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller blasted Barry's remarks as "dangerous, irresponsible and frightening." Barry shot back: "Extremism is no sin if you are engaged in the defense of freedom." California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown said the remarks had "the stench of Fascism." Retorted Barry: "It's the stench of Brown—it's ignorance." Dwight Eisenhower too was disturbed, declared that the remarks "would seem to say that the end always justifies the means." Added Ike: "The whole American system refutes that idea and that concept."

Uphill Fight. Throughout, Barry refused to back down. He felt the remarks had been misconstrued, but even

* Said Willkie, speaking at Elwood, Ind.: "It is from weakness that people reach for dictators and concentrated government power. Only the strong can be free."

more, he was simply not going to stand still for criticism from the moderates. He had heavily emphasized that fact in his acceptance speech. "Anyone who joins us in all sincerity we welcome," said he. "Those who do not care for our cause we don't expect to enter our ranks."

Even if the moderate wing of his party were wholeheartedly behind him, Goldwater would face an uphill battle against Lyndon Johnson—and the mod-

erates are clearly unenthusiastic. On the face of it, his chances would seem to be nil. But in 1960 the G.O.P. lost the presidency by one of the narrowest margins in history, and the party made gains in Congress in 1962. Within hours after the convention's end, it was already a cliché to say that Goldwater might come much closer than most people might suspect. But whatever the totals, it seemed certain to be a rough, tough fight.

Who Are the Goldwaterites?

They wear tennis shoes only on tennis courts. They don't read Robert Welch or hate Negroes. They aren't nuclear-bomb throwers, and they don't write obscene letters to editors who disagree with them. They are reasonably well-educated and informed. They are, in fact, nuts about Barry Goldwater without being nutty in the process.

These are the citizens who make up the great majority of Goldwater's following. As such, they are the troops in a middle-class revolution that borrows from Populism, has a strong desire to maintain the economic and social advances it has achieved, looks with deep concern at the moral decline of the country, has geographical definitions and strong religious and patriotic overtones. The movement injects a new thrust into U.S. politics; and win, lose or draw in November, that thrust will be felt for a long while.

Goldwater's nomination was much more than the victory of "a minority within a minority." It signaled a basic shift in the Republican Party from its power base in the Northeast and Great Lakes states to a Southern- and Western-oriented geographical foundation that spreads from the Great Plains to the Pacific Coast.

Impact in Suburbia. The revolution has been a long time brewing. As Cornell Political Scientist Andrew Hacker puts it: "The new conservatism is the result of the democratic process itself; the widening of new opportunities for millions of Americans who have risen to a better location in life and who at all cost want to ensure that they remain there." Accordingly, many Goldwater admirers are middle-class "haves"—a fact that was obvious in the crowds of well-dressed, well-behaved men and matrons who showed up at receptions for their man all over San Francisco.

The impact of the revolution is most obvious in the burgeoning suburbs of the South and the West that are luring the skilled technicians and the professional men, many of them from farms and from low-income families that traditionally voted Democratic.

The Fed-Up Federation. In a sense, the Goldwaterites belong to what Atlanta Constitution Editor Eugene Patterson calls a "Federation of the fed-up." They are fed up with the portents of economic, social and moral decay they see across the U.S., particularly in its crime-infested cities. They are fed up with big government and big spending, with a bland foreign policy and with America's failure to use its power abroad.

"Every damned time I turn around," says Panama City, Fla., Scrap Dealer Joe LeSuer, a disillusioned Democrat, "there's some federal man in here telling me what I've got to do. Hell, I spend 60% of my time making out infernal forms that if I don't make out they can arrest me for." To Chicago

THE CANDIDATE'S CREED

Other excerpts from Goldwater's acceptance speech:

"The Good Lord raised this mighty Republic to be a home for the brave and to flourish as the land of the free. Now my fellow Americans, the tide has been running against freedom. Our people have followed false prophets. We must, and we shall, return to proven ways—not because they are old, but because they are true.

"During four futile years the Administration which we shall replace has distorted and lost that faith. It has talked and talked and talked and talked the words of freedom, but it has failed and failed and failed in the works of freedom. Failures proclaim lost leadership, obscure purpose, weakening wills and the risk of inciting our sworn enemies to new aggressions and to new excesses.

"And because of this Administration, we are tonight a world divided. We are a nation becalmed. We have lost the brisk pace of diversity and the genius of individual creativity. We are plodding along at a pace set by centralized planning, red tape, rules without responsibility and regimentation without recourse.

"Rather than useful jobs in our country, people have been offered bureaucratic makework; rather than moral leadership, they have been given bread and circuses; they have been given spectacles, and yes, they've even been given scandals. Those who seek to live your lives for you, to take your liberty in return for relieving you of yours, those who elevate the state and downgrade the citizen, must see ultimately a world in which earthly power can be substituted for Divine Will.

"It is the cause of Republicanism to ensure that power remains in the hands of the people—and, so help us God, that is exactly what a Republican President will do with the help of a Republican Congress.

"It is, further, the cause of Re-

publicanism to restore a clear understanding of the tyranny of man over man in the world at large. It is our cause to dispel the foggy thinking which avoids hard decisions in the delusion that a world of conflict will somehow resolve itself into a world of harmony, if we just don't rock the boat or irritate the forces of aggression—and this is hogwash.

"Today in our beloved country we have an Administration which seems eager to deal with Communism in every coin known—from gold to wheat; from consulates to confidence, and even human freedom itself.

"Now the Republican cause demands that we brand Communism as the principal disturber of peace in the world today. Indeed, we should brand it as the only significant disturber of the peace. And we must make clear that until its goals of conquest are absolutely renounced and its relations with all nations tempered, Communism and the governments it now controls are enemies of every man on earth who is or wants to be free.

"We Republicans see in our constitutional form of government the great framework which assures the orderly but dynamic fulfillment of the whole man, and we see the whole man as the great reason for instituting orderly government in the first place.

"We see in private property and in an economy based upon and fostering private property the one way to make government a durable ally of the whole man rather than his determined enemy.

"And beyond that we see and cherish diversity of ways, diversity of thoughts, of motives and accomplishments. We don't seek to live anyone's life for him. We only seek to secure his rights, guarantee him opportunity to strive with government performing only those needed and constitutionally sanctioned tasks which cannot otherwise be performed."



CALIFORNIA'S SOLID GOLDWATER DELEGATION ON CONVENTION FLOOR (BY STANDARD: LEADER WILLIAM KNOWLAND)

"We aren't a bunch of extremists."

Industrialist Robert Galvin, chairman of Motorola Inc., it amounts to a resistance to being "averaged down."

Charles Edison, a former New Jersey Governor, is disgusted with "power centralized in the hands of the Federal Government and with socialism. I am against states being pushed into oblivion. That is what is happening now." Says Kansas' Republican Representative Bob Dole: "Goldwater's victory anchors a party which has been adrift for some years. Now we can, in candor, go out and make speeches for spending cuts and sound conservative principles, certain that we won't be undercut by the leaders of our party."

Despite the pollsters, Goldwater's supporters are convinced that he can win in November. "In my own state, we have thousands of people who haven't been voting," says Dr. Durward Hall, chairman of Missouri's delegation to the G.O.P. Convention. "They'll vote this time. There is a great grass-roots uprising against the Republican me-tooers and non-constitutionalists and one-worlders and the foreign press. This fellow Goldwater will sweep the nation." According to some Goldwaterites, the bulk of the 39 million Americans who failed to vote in 1960 were not lower income citizens who would be Democratically inclined. Instead, they were conservatives who considered both candidates too liberal. "We've never been offered a real choice in my lifetime," said Arlington, Va., Businessman Marvin Toombs, 43. "This is it."

Part of Goldwater's appeal is his undeniable personal magnetism. To teenagers his chief attraction may be his image as jet pilot, ham radio operator

and driver of a flashy sports car, but his voting-age admirers couch it in more substantial terms—integrity, honesty and courage. Even his quick-draw, shoot-from-the-hip tendency has its defenders. "Truman shot from the hip," says Virginian Walter Conklin, a magazine production manager. "Kennedy did it against U.S. Steel. I think it's a very human frailty."

A Touch of Innocence. Beyond the personal appeal, there is a quality of emotionalism and degree of loyalty among Goldwater's supporters that is rare in U.S. politics. A measure of the loyalty is the fact that 40% of the \$2,750,000 he raised for his pre-convention campaign came from some 400,000 "grass-roots givers" who kicked in \$10 or less apiece. The emotionalism was obvious in the wild cheers that greeted every mention of Barry's name in the Cow Palace. And, in a far different way, it was manifest in jeers for Nelson Rockefeller as he spoke to the convention. These were not so much for the man or what he was saying as for what he symbolized—the urban Eastern "Establishment," the Eastern press and the Eastern cash that have dominated the G.O.P. for generations.

There is a touch of innocence and naïveté in the Goldwater movement, but there is also great pride and determination. And perhaps Mrs. Eleanor Ring of San Diego, widow of a Navy admiral and an alternate delegate to last week's convention, summed it up best when she said: "What's happened here is a real revolution. We aren't a bunch of extremists. All we are is a fast-growing group of people interested in law and order."

The Disenchanted

In an upper gallery of the Cow Palace, Maryland Republican David Scull, a candidate for Congress in the November elections, sat brooding as Barry Goldwater's juggernaut flattened the G.O.P.'s moderates. "Only a quarter of the country is Republican," scowled Scull, "and only a third of the Republicans are for Goldwater. That's about 8% of the country for him. I'm not going to leave the party, but I'm going to run an independent campaign."

Scull's figures may be open to dispute, but his deep gloom over the Goldwater nomination was by no means an isolated phenomenon. For just as the Senator from Arizona evokes an almost fanatic devotion among his followers, he stirs a feeling of horror among many who disagree with him. To them, he is the backward-looking leader of the new Luddites, enraged at the complexities of modern life and bent on smashing the machinery that has been painstakingly devised over the past 50 years to deal with them. "A group has taken control here," said Henry Cabot Lodge in San Francisco last week. "that doesn't understand the modern world."

Pop! It is not a personal thing, for nearly everyone who has met Goldwater—including Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—has professed to like him as a man. But many are repelled by his ideology, by the men who surround him, and by the stark fear that his fundamentalist theories will attract every manner of extremist to his banner. "He is a man filled with warmth," says former Eisenhower Speechwriter Malcolm Moos, who worked in Bill Scranton's fore-



NEW YORK'S ANTI-GOLDWATER DELEGATION"
Nothing personal in a feeling of near horror.

doomed campaign. "But I fear his inability to curb his friends and some of the extreme zealots on the right."

Among anti-Goldwaterites, there is a feeling that the G.O.P. is now in the hands of a thoroughgoing Bourbon. "For all his warmth as a person," says Wall Street Lawyer Lyman Tondel Jr., a Republican, "he has an appalling lack of understanding of the problems of most people, particularly the man who is hit by forces beyond his control." Some worry that beneath his attractive exterior and easygoing manner is a deep, though untapped, vein of authoritarianism. Negro Leader James Farmer said that Goldwater Youth marchers reminded him of the Hitler Jugend, and a German banker in Munich recently told an American acquaintance, "If we give you four or five years, you'll start putting on brown shirts."

Among many Republicans, most Democrats, and nearly all foreign observers, the overriding concern is that Goldwater would tumble into a nuclear war through carelessness or plain pig-headedness. "Can you imagine what would have happened if Goldwater had been in the White House during the Cuban missile crisis?" asked an aide of Michigan Governor George Romney. The aide thereupon touched a lighted cigarette to an inflated balloon. Pop!

Back to the Store. Those who cherish the G.O.P.'s image as the party of Lincoln are also alarmed. They fear that Goldwater's managers will cynically seek to inflame Negro-white tensions in the hope that a civil rights explosion would propel their man into the White House on a tide of segregationist votes. As it is, Goldwater will get few Negro votes. "Some Negroes are Republicans because of their conservative philosophy," says Dr. Lee Shelton, Negro vice chairman of Georgia's Fulton County Republican committee, "but none are anti-Negro. That's what they're being asked to be in the Goldwater campaign."

To lighten the bitterness, anti-Goldwaterites crack wry jokes. Just before the convention began, a Republican leader snickered when asked how he would run his local campaigns with Goldwater heading the ticket. Said he: "I'll jump off that bridge when I come to it." In Chicago, stationery shops stocked a card designed for mailing to Barry. On the outside it says, "You made me what I am today," and on the inside, "... a Democrat."

To many Republican officeholders, that is no joke. New York Congressman John Lindsay said he might not vote for Goldwater because certain "principles are dear to me and I'm not going to desert them." Senator Kenneth Keating of New York indicated that he might run independently to maintain "the integrity of my beliefs." Michigan's Governor George Romney felt the same way. "Well," said he, after San Francisco, "we're going back to work just as hard as we can to assure Republican victories in Michigan." "Don't you mean Republican victories all over the U.S.?" asked a reporter. Snapped Romney: "I meant exactly what I said."

The Letter

There were few surprises in San Francisco. But an unexpected fracas was set off by a three-page letter that was stuffed in a plain white envelope marked "Personal" and hand-carried down one floor from Candidate Bill Scranton's headquarters in the Mark Hopkins Hotel to Barry Goldwater's suite. Had the contest for the nomination been even close, that letter might have gone down as one of the worst blunders in U.S. political history. As it was, it would be remembered as little more than a fascinating footnote.

Inexperienced & Groggy. On the convention's eve, Scranton, still clinging to

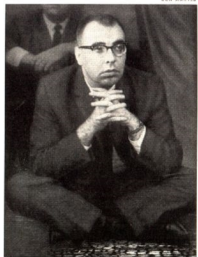
hope, conferred with Henry Cabot Lodge and Nelson Rockefeller, decided upon the desperate ploy of challenging Goldwater to a man-to-man debate before the assembled convention. Scranton ordered his top speechwriter, William Keisling, 28, to draft a letter to Barry demanding the confrontation. Then he went off to make a television appearance.

Keisling, inexperienced in national politics and groggy from his efforts during Scranton's exhausting month-long campaign, batted out the document, then checked it with Pennsylvania's Attorney General Walter Alessandroni, Scranton's most trusted political adviser. A receptionist, one of several authorized to sign Scranton's name, did just that, and the letter went down to Barry. Scranton never read it.

What Keisling had composed was an intemperate, insulting attack on Goldwater, his delegates and his followers. It accused Goldwater of treating delegates as "little more than a flock of chickens whose necks will be wrung at will." It charged him with allowing the "radical extremists to use you." It denounced him for "irresponsibility in the serious question of racial holocaust." And it said that Barry's organization had "bought, beaten and compromised enough delegate support to make the result a foregone conclusion."

Fist of Steel. When Goldwater read it he exploded in rage, summoned his aides and tossed the diatribe to them to read. Between curses he cried, "What do you think of that?" They thought it was shocking—so shocking that it just might work to Barry's advantage. They photocopied the original, fired it back to Scranton without comment, then ran off 4,000 copies on a mimeograph machine. By early morning, Goldwater messengers had slipped a copy under the hotel-room door of every delegate and alternate in town.

The results were spectacular: in a convention where extremism was the



SPEECHWRITER KEISLING
Only a fascinating footnote.

* Keating, with white hair, center. Senator Jacob Javits at Keating's left.

bitterest of issues, the hot-eyed polemics of the Scranton-inspired letter infuriated scores of delegates, ended for good any possibility of conciliation between the rival camps. From that moment on, the Goldwater forces ruled the convention with a fist of steel—and refused to give the opposition even the slightest quarter.

The Late Late Show

However much the convention antics and dramatics on the Cow Palace floor seemed to be spun out by pro-Goldwater rote, one thing worth watching was the Republican moderates' death battle on the platform issues. Unfortunately, the climax came too late for

much of the Eastern U.S. to follow it on television.

The platform fight was the dwindling anti-Goldwater platoon's final, forlorn hope. It wanted planks denouncing extremist groups, calling for "effective enforcement" of the 1964 civil rights law, and reaffirming the policy that only the President of the U.S. should be

WHAT THE PLATFORM SAYS

As carefully and deliberately as an architect planning a skyscraper, the Republican Convention drew its 1964 platform design to the political and philosophical specifications of Barry Goldwater.

The Platform Committee was chaired by Wisconsin's Representative Melvin Laird, himself an unannounced Goldwater backer. It struck out against costly, deficit-creating federal paternalism in a way that went well beyond the 1960 Republican platform. It approved a platform of conservatism in the word's dictionary sense, promising tightfisted fiscal policy, deploring pervasive federal influence, and urging local action to deal with local problems. Foreign-policy planks have a distinctive hard-line look about them, promising staunch stands against Communist threats, expressing general skepticism of the idea that the Soviet Union has relaxed in any way in its ideological aim of worldwide Communist dominance, insisting on much harder bargains with the U.S.S.R. as the price of any East-West "accommodation." Principal planks:

GOVERNMENT SPENDING. Charging that Democrats have "burdened this nation with four unbalanced budgets in a row," the platform promises "a reduction of not less than \$5 billion in the present level of spending" and "an end to chronic deficit financing." The 1960 Republican platform, in contrast, made no promise of a spending cut, even acknowledged the desirability of deficit spending in time of "economic adversity."

TAXES. In order that "each individual may keep more of his earnings," the G.O.P. pledges a removal of wartime federal excise taxes on such items as jewelry, cosmetics and luggage. Moreover, it promises further reduction in individual and corporate tax rates as "fiscal discipline is restored."

CIVIL RIGHTS. In a brief plank, the platform promises "full implementation and faithful execution of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and all other civil rights statutes" and "improvements of civil rights statutes adequate to changing needs of our times." It commits the G.O.P. to helping "assure equal opportunity and a good education for all." At the same time, the platform takes advantage of the burning issue popularly known as "bussing" by placing the

G.O.P. on record as "opposing federally-sponsored 'inverse discrimination,' whether by the shifting of jobs, or the abandonment of neighborhood schools, for reasons of race."

MEDICARE. Unlike the 1960 platform, the plank summarily rejects a medical-aid plan financed and administered through social security. The G.O.P. favors "full coverage of all medical and hospital costs of needy elderly people, financed by general revenues through broader implementation of federal-state plans, rather than the compulsory Democratic scheme covering only a small percentage of such costs for everyone regardless of need."

REDISTRICTING. Taking issue with Supreme Court decisions ruling that representation in state legislatures must be apportioned on the basis of population alone rather than area or geographic interests, the plank pledges "support of a constitutional amendment, as well as legislation enabling states having bicameral legislatures to apportion one house on bases of their choosing, including factors other than population."

REGULATORY ACTIONS. The G.O.P. promises "an end to power-grabbing regulatory actions, such as the reach by the Federal Trade Commission for injunctive powers and the ceaseless pressing by the White House, the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission to dominate consumer decision in the marketplace."

ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT. Taking its cue from the Bobby Baker case, the platform charges in a recital of Democratic misdeeds that "this Administration has impeded investigations of suspected wrongdoing which might implicate public officials in the highest offices in the land. It has thus aroused justifiable resentment against those who use the high road of public service as the low road to illicitly acquired wealth."

OBSCENITY. In one interesting plank, the G.O.P. pledged "enactment of legislation, despite Democratic opposition, to curb the flow through the mails of obscene materials, which has flourished into a multimillion-dollar obscenity racket." In October 1962, John F. Kennedy pocket-vetoed a District of Columbia obscenity bill, explaining that its search-and-seizure provisions seemed to him unconstitutional.

THE COLD WAR. Calling for a new "get-tough" policy, the platform charges

that the Johnson Administration has "sought accommodations with Communism without adequate safeguards and compensating gains for freedom" and "in general pursued a risky path such as began at Munich a quarter-century ago." Demanding a "dynamic strategy aimed at victory," the platform says: "We reject the notion that Communism has abandoned its goal of world domination or that fat and well-fed Communists are less dangerous than lean and hungry ones. Republicans will make clear to any hostile nation that the United States will increase the costs and risks of aggression to make them outweigh hopes for gain."

SOUTHEAST ASIA. "We will move decisively to assure victory in South Viet Nam." In an obvious reference to the Viet Cong habit of taking refuge in bordering Cambodia, the G.O.P. pledges to "make clear to all Communists now supporting or planning to support guerrilla and subversive activities, that henceforth there will be no privileged sanctuaries to protect those who disrupt the peace of the world."

CUBA. "We Republicans will recognize a Cuban government in exile; we will support its efforts to regain the independence of its homeland; we will assist Cuban freedom fighters in carrying on guerrilla warfare against the Communist regime."

TRADE WITH COMMUNIST NATIONS. Arguing with the Democratic Administration's position that both East and West would benefit from increased trade, the plank says that "trade with Communist countries should not be directed toward the enhancement of their power and influence but could only be justified if it would serve to diminish their power."

FOREIGN AID. "Republicans will recast foreign-aid programs. We will see that all will serve the cause of freedom. We will see that none bolster and sustain anti-American regimes. American tax revenues derived from free enterprise must never be employed in support of socialism."

THE UNITED NATIONS. "We will press for a change in the method of voting in the General Assembly and in the specialized agencies that will reflect population disparities among the member states and recognize differing abilities and willingness to meet the obligations of the Charter."

authorized to order the use of nuclear weapons.

Catcalls & Jeers. To start off the bout, Platform Chairman Melvin Laird arose before delegates already weary and bored after nearly three hours of sitting. For more than an hour and a half Laird, assisted by other committee members, droned through the entire 8,500-word platform. When they finished, it was nearly midnight on the East Coast.

The extremism amendment came first, and Nelson Rockefeller bounded up to the podium. The auditorium burst into a cacophony of catcalls, interrupted with chants of "We want Barry." Rocky gallantly persisted. "It is essential," he shouted, "that this convention repudiate here and now any doctrinaire militant minority, whether Communist, Ku Klux Klan or Bircher." The crowd booed. Chairman Thruston Morton of Kentucky angrily crashed down his gavel, but the noise dipped scarcely a decibel. Rocky snapped into the microphone: "It's still a free country, ladies and gentlemen."

The jeers continued, but Goldwater managers were alarmed about the exhibition. In an inconspicuous trailer parked behind the Cow Palace, F. Clifton White, a Goldwater lieutenant, picked up a microphone and barked: "All call! All call!" The message went over the lines to 30 phones on the convention floor. "If there is any booing in your delegations, stop it immediately," ordered White. Within three minutes Goldwater's legions pinpointed the main source of the catcalls in the galleries, scurried up the steps and asked offenders to give Rocky a break. They never really did.

Ramblers & Rights. Later, when Michigan's Governor George Romney tried to sell a mild extremism amendment of his own, the crowd was relatively gentle. Said former American Motors President Romney: "Unlike the Ramblers I used to sell, the Republicans must have a big wheelbase and a big body. I don't condemn them on the right or on the left—except the Communists."

To rebut, Colorado Senator Peter Dominick slapped away Romney's oratory contemptuously, calling it "an impassioned plea on behalf of an amendment that doesn't mean an awful lot."

The Cow Palace was no place for Republican moderation. The amendments on extremism and nuclear weapons control lost by huge head counts, with shoulder-to-shoulder phalanxes of Goldwater people rising to vote no. And when the long—and relatively listless—debate on civil rights ended, Morton polled each delegation, got a stunning show of Barry's strength: the amendment was beaten 897 to 409. When the delegates trudged out after eight hours, it was 3:30 on the East Coast—and the Goldwaterites' late late show of power had been missed by millions.

Peddler's Grandson

[See Cover]

The laws of God, and of nature, have no deadline. The principles on which the Conservative political position is based have been established by a process that has nothing to do with the social, economic and political landscape that changes from decade to decade and from century to century. These principles are derived from the nature of man, and from the truths that God has revealed about His creation. Circumstances do change. So do the problems that are shaped by circumstances. But the principles that govern the solution of the problems do not. The Conservative approach is nothing more or less than an attempt to apply the wisdom and experience and the revealed truths of the past to the problems of today.

—The Conscience of a Conservative

In April 1961, a few days after the Bay of Pigs, the author of these lines entered the oval office of the White House to see his personal friend and political foe, Jack Kennedy. The President had just stepped out for a few minutes. The visitor waited, and decided to sit—in the President's rocking chair. Moments later, Kennedy walked in and, seeing the visitor comfortably ensconced in his chair, broke up laughing. "You think you want this job?" joked Kennedy. Replied Senator Barry Goldwater: "Good God, no!"

Though he is now his party's presidential nominee, there is some reason to believe that Goldwater would still rather be Right than President. He long resisted the demands of his followers that he declare his candidacy. A man without personal guile, Goldwater was not just being coy. It was the conservative cause he cared about, not the achievement of personal power; it was a matter of principles, not politics. "I'm

not a philosopher," he said. "I'm a salesman trying to sell the conservative view of government." As far as holding the nation's highest office was concerned, Barry was doubt-ridden. "I'm not even sure that I've got the brains to be President of the U.S.," he once said. And there was another problem: "I've got a Jewish name. I don't know if the country is ready for me."

"Big Mike." The family name was originally Goldwasser, and it belonged to Barry's grandfather, a Polish Jew who emigrated to the U.S. in 1852. "Big Mike" first ran a saloon and general store in Sonora, Calif., eventually moved on to the Arizona Territory, where he peddled supplies to mining camps and took his chances in the wild country. He managed to survive—though an Indian once put a rifle ball through his hat—to establish a thriving retail clothing business.

One of Mike's sons, Morris, was something of a political figure back in those days. He was the Senator's uncle, and one of Barry's earliest political influences. Morris was a devotee of Thomas Jefferson, helped establish the Territory's Democratic Party, served for 26 years as mayor of Prescott and was vice president of the 1910 constitutional convention that steered Arizona into the Union.

Morris' brother Baron moved on to open a Goldwater store in Phoenix. There he married Josephine Williams, a Nebraska-born nurse who had contracted tuberculosis and gone for her health to Arizona—where she still lives, active and sprightly at 89. Their son Barry was born in 1909, raised as an Episcopalian by his mother. In school, he was a reluctant pupil, quit the University of Arizona in his sophomore year to help with the family store after his father's death in 1929.

He worked so hard at the job that, as his wife Peggy recently disclosed, he twice suffered nervous exhaustion, had to take time off. Columnist Drew Pearson seized on that fact to call into question Goldwater's mental stability. In reply, Goldwater pointed to his record as an Army Air Force ferry pilot in World War II, and as a jet pilot who presently holds the rank of major general in the Air Force Reserve.

Coattails. Though Barry had been a registered Republican in Democratic Arizona for a long time, his active political participation was little more than that of the average interested citizen. It was mostly as a civic duty that he ran in 1949 on a nonpartisan reform slate for the Phoenix city council. He won, helped set up a successful city-manager system and, among other things, was largely responsible for racial integration of the restaurant at the Phoenix airport. A year later, he managed the victorious gubernatorial campaign of his Republican friend Howard Pyle, and in 1952 he decided to run for the U.S. Senate. Goldwater beat Ernest MacFar-



"BIG MIKE" GOLDWASSER
With a bullet through his hat.

HE CAME...

JOHN BURNETT



GOLDWATER, ATOP PLANE RAMP AT CENTER, GREETES CROWD ON ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT.



STANLEY 802



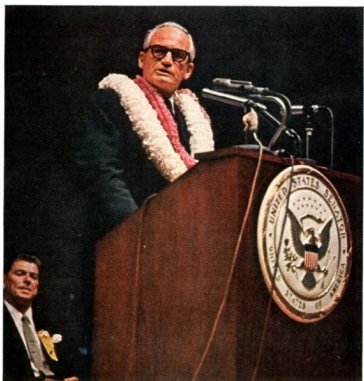
STANLEY 802

THEY SAW...



BARRY HANDSHAKING WELL-WISHERS AT HOTEL RECEPTION.

RALLYING YOUNG REPUBLICANS WITH ROUSING SPEECH.



WALTER 102



JON BRUNNEN

KISSING WIFE PEGGY AS FAMILY BEAMS AND CROWD CHEERS.



WALTER REAGAN



JON BRUNNEN



JON BRUNNEN



JON BRUNNEN

HE CONQUERED.

RADIO

CB



IN A SHOWER OF GOLD, BARRY'S PARTISANS WHOOP AND HOLLER AT HIS NOMINATION.

DEN MARTIN

land, the Senate's Democratic majority leader, by 7,000 votes. But Barry had no illusions about his victory: with Eisenhower at the top of the ticket, he was "the greatest coattail rider in the business."

At first a devoted Eisenhower follower, Goldwater soon began to feel that he could not discern much difference between "modern Republicanism" and the ideas of the Truman Democrats whom he had helped turn out of office. In 1955 he became chairman of the G.O.P. Senatorial Campaign Committee, a job unusual for a freshman Senator and one that carried him into Republican redoubts all over the country. Wherever he went, he said he sensed a desire among some Republicans for a more conservative course. He had read Locke and Burke, and he was deeply influenced by Friedrich A. Hayek, professor of social and moral science at the University of Chicago and author of *The Road to Serfdom*. Hayek, a convincing conservative, argued against the progressive income tax, warned that a controlled economy and the modern trends of social legislation would lead to collectivism and ultimately to totalitarianism. Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, with its cogent arguments against a planned society, similarly stirred Goldwater's conservative passions. In 1957 he decided to make an all-out break with the Eisenhower moderates.

Status Secured. Addressing a nearly empty Senate chamber on an April day, Goldwater, "with the deepest sorrow," launched into a long denunciation of the Republican Administration's economic policies. He was "shocked" by Ike's "abominably high" \$71.8 billion budget, which, he declared, "subverts the American economy because it is based on high taxes, the largest deficit in history, and the consequent dissipation of the freedom and initiative and genius of our people."

From that point on, Goldwater's status as a tenacious, uncompromising advocate of Republican conservatism was secure. He continued as chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, journeying again and again into all parts of the country both to speak for G.O.P. candidates and to lecture on his philosophy. He easily won re-election in 1958, this time riding not another man's coattails but his own deeply felt convictions. He did not try to hide his dissatisfaction with the Eisenhower Administration. Once he called it a "dimestore New Deal," and on another occasion, when he was asked if Milton Eisenhower might make a good presidential candidate, he sniffed: "One Eisenhower in a generation is enough." He expressed his own political creed in a book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, which since 1960 has gone through 20 editions, sold close to 2½ million copies.

In 1960, Goldwater provided almost



BARRY & WIFE AFTER ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION
A victory to share.

all the excitement at a dull Republican National Convention. Everything had been set up for the nomination of Richard Nixon, but Barry's conservative backers insisted on placing him in nomination. Knowing he could not win—and feeling that the conservative cause would suffer a setback with his defeat—Barry withdrew. His voice harsh with emotion, he pleaded for party unity. But he also made it dramatically clear that he had not given up his cause. Cried Goldwater: "Let's grow up, conservatives! If we want to take this party back, and I think we can some day, let's get to work!"

Waterloo. Dick Nixon's miserably managed campaign and subsequent defeat added the imperative to Barry's call. The national G.O.P. organization was left in total disarray, and no one seemed interested in repairing it. No one, that is, except Goldwater's conservative enthusiasts. They went to work with a will, gradually taking over coun-

ty and town committees, grooming their own local candidates, and tirelessly plugging Barry.

All the while, moderate leaders dozed complacently. When the time came, they felt certain, they could easily sidetrack the Goldwater movement and, as they had so often in the past, nominate one of their own for President. As the 1964 campaign began, only Nelson Rockefeller, his appeal tarnished by his divorce and remarriage, was actively fighting.

Polls and primaries added to the illusion that Goldwater could not win the nomination. Barry did very badly in New Hampshire and Oregon, won unimpressive and largely uncontested victories in such states as Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska and Texas. But what was unappreciated was the fact that in state convention after state convention, his backers were in complete control, and consistently naming Goldwater delegates to San Francisco.

Still, Barry needed to prove himself at the polling places, and California, the most populous state in the Union, with the last and biggest of the presidential primaries, was his opportunity. The Goldwater forces staked everything on California. Barry's volunteer workers swarmed through the state, covering every block in every important precinct, mailing out millions of campaign papers, setting out to contact each and every one of California's 2,890,000 registered Republicans. Goldwater won the primary by a mere 58,000 votes out of more than 2,800,000 cast, but it was enough. California was the moderates' Waterloo—and after June 2 nothing could stop Goldwater, including Scranton's belated candidacy. San Francisco simply made Goldwater's triumph official.



AN ELEPHANT BUILT FOR TWO



HOME TOWN LOCKPORT, N.Y.



MILLER & FAMILY IN SAN FRANCISCO

He drives Lyndon Johnson nuts.

Running Mate

The Goldwater press aide had been up almost all night celebrating his boss's victory. Now, as the telephone rang in his hotel suite, he struggled from bed, picked his way through a litter of empty champagne bottles, listened briefly and wearily. Before stumbling back to the bedroom, he told waiting reporters: "Okay, we've made it official about Bill Miller."

Who was Bill Miller? And why had he just been named as Barry Goldwater's choice for the Republican vice-presidential nomination? Republicans might be arguing the answers for quite a while.

As chairman of the Republican National Committee since 1961, U.S. Representative William Edward Miller, 50, has proved himself a tireless, effective party organizer. A Roman Catholic and a New Yorker, he gives a semblance of religious and geographic balance to the ticket. A compact 5-ft. 7-in., 140-pounder, he makes a good appearance—particularly when accompanied by his highly photogenic wife Stephanie and their daughters Elizabeth Ann, 20, and Mary Karen, 17. A conservative after Barry's own heart, Miller is an acid-tongued orator with a notable talent for getting under Democratic skins. In fact, Goldwater told a meeting of Republican state chairmen that one reason he picked Miller was because "he drives Lyndon Johnson nuts."

A Loyalist's Name. Miller is the modern, urban equivalent of the candidate who was born in a log cabin—he is the son of a factory janitor in Lockport, N.Y. (pop. 27,300), an industrial suburb of Buffalo. He worked to help pay his way through Notre Dame and the Union University Law School at Albany, entered the service during World War II, was commissioned a first lieutenant in 1945 and assigned to the Judge Advocate General's war-crimes section, where he was an assistant pro-

secutor at the Nürnberg trials. Returning to New York, Miller was elected district attorney of Niagara County, and in 1950 won election to the first of his seven terms in the U.S. House of Representatives.

There he won little distinction as a lawmaker; he has sponsored no significant legislation. But Miller did win a name as a party loyalist with a penchant for party organization, and as a good man to avoid in any debate. This reputation got him the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee, and he did a diligent job, traveling some 150,000 miles, delivering nearly 600 speeches, appearing on national television more than 100 times, and jabbing at the Democrats every inch of the way. He has called Adlai Stevenson "completely inept," castigated Averell Harriman as the man "who loused up Laos," described Pierre Salinger as "the thinking man's filler."

After the Senate defeated President Kennedy's medicare program in July 1962 and Kennedy called in reporters to denounce the vote, Miller accused him of putting on "a smoothly rehearsed crybaby performance." Nor has Miller neglected Lyndon Johnson since he became President. Said Miller, referring to Johnson's weekend driving habits and the Bobby Baker investigation: "There are only two businesses in the country that are better off today than they were under the Republicans. One is the seat-belt business in Texas and the other is the paint business in Washington, because they sell so much whitewash to all the congressional investigating committees." On another occasion, Miller quipped: "Bobby Baker is going to write a book entitled *Somebody Up There Likes Me—Or At Least I Thought He Did.*"

As a party organizer, he befooled Republican strength in the South and he gets some of the credit for recent Republican comebacks in such cities as Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago.

Says his predecessor as National Committee chairman, Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton: "He's done an effective job, and he's done it on skin and bones. He's liquidated the party's debt, and he's run the committee well on K rations."

"A Cruel Hoax." Still and all, Bill Miller entered 1964 as a politician without a visible political future. In 1962, he won re-election to Congress by a scant 5,702 votes out of 139,710 cast, and the prospects for this year were worse. Among other things, he could expect little help from Governor Rockefeller's state organization, since he and Rocky had been at odds off and on for a long time. He therefore announced that he would retire from Congress and return to his law practice in Buffalo.

Barry Goldwater's San Francisco decision saved Miller from that fate. And in his acceptance speech, Miller seemed strangely subdued, as though overwhelmed by the honor. About the most partisan thing he said was: "To re-establish reason in government is no less than a thrilling experience." But in a news conference, he gave a foretaste of the campaign to come. Said he: "I'm tired of the Democrats trying to create problems at election time so they can solve them. The poverty program is a cruel hoax. You couldn't cure poverty in New York City with a billion dollars. Who knows anything about poverty in this Administration? Bobby Baker is the chief expert on poverty in Washington."

Some Republicans loved this sort of talk. Said Texas' National Committeeman Albert Fay: "You're not going to beat Lyndon Johnson unless you give him hell. No patsy campaign is going to win. Lyndon's got more skeletons in his closet than they've got down at Galveston medical school, and Miller can work on them."

Perhaps so, but some voters might wonder if a gift for vitriol is a sufficient qualification for Vice President.

Hand at the Helm

Nominee Goldwater moved swiftly to assume control of the Republican Party machinery. Seven and a half hours before his formal acceptance speech, he announced his choice of Dean Burch, 36, as chairman of the G.O.P. National Committee, succeeding Bill Miller.

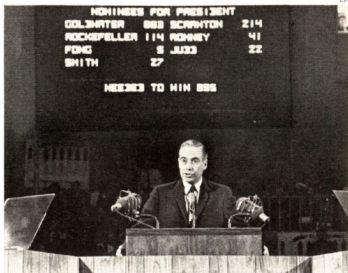
A relative newcomer to politics, Tucson Lawyer Burch's only national campaign experience has been as an assistant in Goldwater's own drive toward the nomination. But he is a model of a young conservative—in dress, speech, bearing and political philosophy. As a Goldwater Senate aide who later took on the thankless task of arranging campaign schedules for a campaigner with a notable tendency toward last-minute cancellations, Burch earned both Goldwater's professional respect and personal friendship. "Nobody," says Arizona Republican Representative John J. Rhodes, "knows Barry better." That fact will be of major importance, for Goldwater has served notice he is determined to take a personal hand in streamlining and steering the committee.

Unlike Nixon in 1960, Barry will run his presidential campaign through the National Committee rather than his own organization. Scholarly Denison Kitchel will stay on as Goldwater's personal campaign manager, but he will work closely with Burch through party machinery. Burch is already drafting a plan to "make the National Committee the instrument of the campaign and the party." The present National Committee staff will likely be pared by half. Key Goldwater men will move into committee offices in Washington.

Although Burch has publicly assured moderate Republicans that the job of the National Committee is "neither to reward nor to purge," many a non-Goldwater state G.O.P. leader is fearful of being dumped by the national party



NATIONAL CHAIRMAN BURCH
A novice, but a model.



SCRANTON AFTER THE ROLL CALL
A loser, but still a leader.

organization. Others fear that whether Goldwater purges or not, his zealous state and local supporters may try to do the job for him. In Colorado, for example, the Goldwaterites are already crying for the political scalp of Governor John Love, one of three Scranton supporters in the state's 18-man convention delegation.

Goldwater himself has long been fascinated by the workings of party organization. If he loses in November, he will be out of public office, but he will still be in control of the party machinery, and he is likely to work at it. Thus, win or lose, the G.O.P. can expect to feel his hand at the helm for quite a while.

Who Came Out How

The convention revised some of the standings in the national Republican pecking order. Among them:

- DWIGHT EISENHOWER, for as long as he lives, remains a revered G.O.P. figure, but he has probably had his last chance at exercising a major influence over party decisions.

- WILLIAM SCRANTON, even in his losing, sometimes amateurish campaign, was an articulate candidate, appeared gracious and gallant in his final acceptance of defeat. Appearing before the convention after the first ballot had signaled his defeat, Scranton said: "Some of us did not prevail at this convention. But let it be clearly understood that this great Republican Party is our historic house. This is our home. We have no intention of deserting it. We are still Republicans—and not very still ones either. And let the Democratic Party find no comfort in the spirited campaign we have waged within our own party." Scranton's term as Governor of Pennsylvania is up in January 1967 and he cannot succeed himself, so he will probably work fulltime at exercising the leadership of moderate Republicanism that he assumed by running against Barry.

- NELSON ROCKEFELLER was a brave convention figure; but to remain a major Republican power, he would probably have to win re-election as Governor of New York in 1966, and that might be a chancy matter in view of the disinterest he has displayed in his state-house chores for the last couple of years.

- RICHARD NIXON finally got aboard the Goldwater bandwagon, although his months of wily waiting in the G.O.P. wings did him no good with anyone. His convention speech did much, however, to repair his public image: he no longer seemed to have a chip on his shoulder.

- HENRY CABOT LODGE, having held both elective and appointive offices under both Republicans and Democrats, has probably reached the end of his days as a power in the G.O.P., whether Goldwater wins or loses.

- GEORGE ROMNEY was a wow on the convention rostrum but is a most unhappy soul in the Goldwater-dominated Republican Party; he plans to disassociate himself from Goldwater in his race for re-election as Governor of Michigan this year, and he could have a hard time winning. But if he does win while Barry loses, watch Romney in '68.

- CHARLES PERCY and ROBERT TAFT JR.: Watch them too if Percy is elected Governor of Illinois and Taft wins an Ohio Senate seat in the year of a national Republican loss.

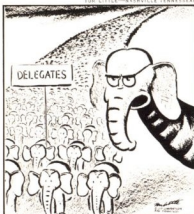
OPINION

"Those Outside Our Family"

Ike's convention speech was drawing respectful applause, but he had not really set his inflammable audience afire. Suddenly he found the match. "Let us particularly scorn the divisive efforts of those outside our family," he said, "including sensation-seeking columnists and commentators . . ." The delegates did not let him finish his sentence. They



"WE STAND UPON OUR HISTORIC PRINCIPLES..."



"RIGHT-RIGHT! RIGHT-RIGHT!"

leaped off their chairs, shook their fists at the glass television booths high above, jeered newsmen in the aisles on the convention floor.

On the rostrum, Eisenhower seemed astonished at the reaction to his statement. When he could be heard, he added, "because, my friends, I assure you that these are people who couldn't care less about the good of our party." The crowd roared anew. Ike later explained that he had penciled the remark into his speech almost as an afterthought to express his "resentment" at journalists who "write think pieces and ascribe motives to others when they don't know what they are talking about." Ike was irritated weeks ago by a New York Herald Tribune column by Roscoe Drummond, who interpreted a Trib-solicited Eisenhower statement as meaning that the former President was hard set against Goldwater's nomination. More recently Ike seethed at press criticism over his insistence on staying neutral in the G.O.P. presidential race.

But Ike's pique did not nearly explain the emotional scene in the Cow Palace,



"IT'S THE LITTLE OLD LADIES IN SNEAKERS—THEY WANT TO KNOW WHEN WE'RE GOING TO UNLEASH THEM."

That scene's significance lay in the far-reaching fact that in many areas of the U.S. a latent suspicion that the press is sometimes unfair has hardened into a belief that, especially in matters of politics, it is partisan and untrustworthy. To almost all Goldwater's admirers, the press represents the "Eastern establishment" that is out to get Barry. They think primarily of press, radio and television and its influential New York-Washington base; newsmen are viewed as liberals who distort Goldwater's views and conspire against him. During Goldwater's pre-convention campaign, reporters often met hostile airport crowds, with Goldwater partisans glaring at them and demanding: "Why don't you tell the truth about Barry?"

The dislike and suspicion of the press that was displayed in the Cow Palace is by no means entirely unjustified. Segments of the press have sometimes sounded as extremist as any Goldwater extremist. Thus Drew Pearson began a column last week with the observation: "The smell of fascism has been in the air at this convention." Joe Alsop, who opined last March that "no serious Republican politician, even of the most Neanderthal type, any longer takes Goldwater seriously," now declared it a "fact" that "many Goldwater enthusiasts are genuine fanatics, like the majority of his delegates."

"Racism & Jingoism." Walter Lippmann, who has complained about Goldwater's inconsistency, wrote last year: "A good argument can be made, I think, that it would be healthy if at least once, after 40 years of frustration, the 'true' Republicans had their own candidate. It might clear the air." But by last month he had changed his mind, writing: "In the light of history, tradition and principle, the nomination of Barry Goldwater as the Republican candidate for President is as absurd as would be the nomination of Governor Wallace as the Democratic candidate for President." Lippmann last week claimed that Goldwater's election would lead to "a global, nuclear,

anti-Communist crusade," and that he "appears to be gambling recklessly on racism and jingoism."

To the New York Times, Goldwater's nomination was "a disaster for the Republican Party, and a blow to the prestige and to the domestic and international interests of the United States." To the liberal New York Post, the adoption of a Goldwater-oriented platform and Ike's "retreat" meant that "the Birchers and racists have never before enjoyed so big a night under such respectable auspices."

"Black Brush." The Louisville Courier-Journal warned: "The nation may prepare itself for one of the ugliest campaigns in our history. The strategy of the Goldwater high command... must be to inflame every minority grievance, to stir up the dregs of our national spirit, to make respectable the emotions and prejudices of which we are secretly ashamed. This will be a campaign to sicken decent and thoughtful people, and the bitterness it will distill will linger long in our national life." The Chicago Daily News found that "for the zealots," Goldwater "has the invaluable ability to give a latent, fear-born prejudice a patina of respectability and plausibility." To the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "The Goldwater coalition is a coalition of Southern racists, county-seat conservatives, desert rightist radicals and suburban backslashers."

A few days before the convention, there was a real smear. In a report from Germany, CBS's Daniel Schorr clearly implied that Goldwater would, on his planned (and now canceled) post-convention trip to Berchtesgaden, seek a liaison between U.S. conservatives and German "right-wing elements"—which, in the U.S., smacks of Nazism. Barry hit the ceiling, sputtered that the report was "nothing but—and I won't swear, but you know what I'm thinking—a bad-burned dirty lie." For a while he barred CBS cameras from his convention headquarters.

After his nomination, Barry had a few more choice words about the na-

tion's news media. "I don't use the black brush on newspapers or the radio or TV," he told Phoenix TV Reporter Ralph Painter in a filmed interview. "Newspapers like the New York Times have to stoop to utter dishonesty in reflecting my views. Some of the newspapers here in San Francisco, like the Chronicle, are nothing but out-and-out lies."

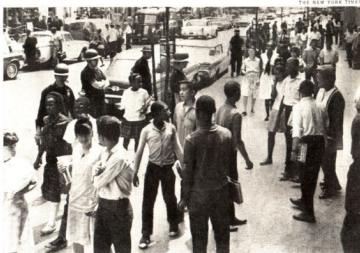
On Second Thought. Despite the fact that some of the Goldwaterites' objections to the press are well taken, this is not the total picture. A large segment of the press has treated Goldwater with fairness in its news columns, dealt with him reasonably even when criticizing him in editorials. Most reporters are personally fond of him; some have even helped him out when his tongue seemed about to get him into trouble. While campaigning in San Diego, he once told reporters that it would be a good idea to get at the source of Communist supply lines to Viet Nam by striking South China—maybe with nuclear bombs. Incredible newsmen read the statement back to him, asked if he really meant it. On second thought, he said he didn't, and little was written about it.

The real danger in Goldwater's intensifying feud with the press is that it might lead him to break off almost completely with the news gatherers, thus inhibiting the campaign and keeping the voter in the dark. If that happens, it will be as much Goldwater's fault as that of the press.

THE PRESIDENCY

Meanwhile, Down at the Ranch

While Republicans hogged the headlines, President Johnson spent a casual week in Washington, twice called in reporters for non-newsworthy news conferences ("I don't have anything for you, but I thought I'd visit with you again"), took a hand-in-hand stroll with



SUMMER STUDENTS & POLICE AT MANHATTAN SCHOOL WHERE YOUTH WAS SHOT
"Come on, shoot another nigger."

Lady Bird, left at week's end for some real relaxation at the L.B.J. ranch in Texas.

There, with white-faced Herefords lying unconcerned beside the driveway and peacocks strutting among the ancient live-oak trees, Johnson held a lawn-chair news conference. This time he had a few things to say. For the third time since the original budget message of January 1963, Johnson cut his estimate of deficit spending for fiscal 1964—this time by \$500 million—to a total \$8.3 billion.

Then the President launched a condemnation of "organized violence by small groups" intent on disrupting civil rights progress. Said Johnson: "Savagery of this or any other kind is completely alien to the entire moral and political tradition of the U.S. The effort to force, bully and intimidate American citizens—to prevent them from claiming their rights under the Constitution—must be stopped." If anybody thought this was a less-than-subtle campaign pronouncement, they were right.

CRIME

Worse than Mississippi?

Even as Republican speakers in San Francisco deplored street violence in the nation's big cities, such violence broke out anew in New York City.

A full-scale riot by some 300 angry, weeping, shouting teen-agers, most of them Negro, erupted outside a summer-session junior high school after an off-duty police lieutenant shot and killed a Negro youth, James Powell, 15. Police and student versions of the shooting varied sharply, but all agreed that a white building superintendent had sprayed water on Powell and two other Negro youths while hosing an area in front of the building. The youths chased the superintendent into the building. When Powell emerged, Lieutenant Thomas Gilligan, 36, came out of a nearby radio

shop, fired three shots at Powell. Police claim that Powell had attacked Gilligan, who holds 19 citations for meritorious police work, with a knife and had disregarded the officer's warning to surrender. Negro witnesses claimed that Powell had no knife and that Gilligan shot without warning.

Minutes after Powell fell dead on the sidewalk, other students swarmed onto the street. One girl yelled: "This is worse than Mississippi!" Another shouted at police: "Come on, shoot another nigger." The youths threw bottles, cans and pieces of cement at 75 policemen, who struggled for two hours to get the mob under control. A Negro patrolman suffered a concussion when struck by a can.

Negroes staged protest demonstrations for the next two days, sometimes shouted "killers, killers" at police. Three patrolmen were injured as bottles were hurled at them from rooftops. Officers fired hundreds of warning shots into the air, arrested a score of demonstrators.

Violence continued, too, on New York subways (TIME, June 12). About 25 Negro youths boarded a subway in the Washington Heights area. Led by a lad in a silk top hat, some of them turned on Pharmacist William Greene, 51, dragged him from his seat, beat him, took his \$85 wrist watch and a wallet containing \$100. Fifteen other passengers, terrified and outnumbered, watched helplessly. In Harlem, about 15 Negro teen-agers, including several girls, found 57-year-old Actor Julian Zaleski alone in a subway car, picked him up, dropped him to the floor, rifled his pockets, took \$26. He fought back, was beaten up, but yelled with such theatrical force that the hoodlums fled.

Coincidentally, New York police issued a semiannual report on the city's crime rate. It showed that 281 murders had been committed in the first six months—an increase of 16.6% over last year. Rapes were up 28%, robberies 25.6%.



WITH LYNDY AT L.B.J. RANCH
"Organized violence must stop."

THE WORLD

CYPRUS

Deceptive Peace

In Cyprus the days were hot and the guns, for the moment, were cold. Turkish and Greek Cypriot sentries stood listlessly at the sandbagged strong-points. Under watchful eyes of U.N. escorts, farmers drove their tractors through fields, bringing in the wheat harvest. At Nicosia's Ledra Palace Hotel, a new swimming pool was dedicated with a cocktail party. Not far away, a new Hilton was abuilding.

Yet everyone knew that each evening, when the sun fell behind the Troodos Mountains, the smuggling of men and arms into the island resumed, making peace an ugly deception.

On the Beach. Greece, limited by treaty to a 950-man contingent in Cyprus, has carried shipload after shipload of fresh troops and guns into the southern port of Limassol. Numbering more than 3,000 so far, they were quickly transported to camps of the Greek Cypriot national guard in the Troodos Mountains and elsewhere. Part of a Nicosia mental hospital is being used as a storage depot for newly arrived Greek arms and ammunition; four batteries of field artillery, quantities of light antiaircraft guns, anti-tank weapons and armored cars have recently turned up at a Greek encampment at Lefkoniko, near Famagusta.

The Greek Cypriot government of Archbishop-President Makarios insists that the new arrivals are for the most part Cypriot students returning from

their schools in Athens—though it is not clear why the students arrive at night and head for the hills in trucks.

Turkey, which is entitled to keep a regiment of 650 soldiers in Cyprus, has also pumped in fresh forces from the mainland. But the Turkish Cypriots, lacking the control of the main ports that Makarios' men enjoy, have had to adopt unorthodox import techniques that make it impossible to bring in as many reinforcements as the Greeks. One battalion of perhaps 200 paratroopers was recently dropped clandestinely along the 15-mile-long road from Nicosia to coastal Kyrenia, where the legal Turkish regiment keeps watch over the only outlet from the capital the Turkish Cypriots control. Along with the troops, the Turkish planes dropped bundles of Tommy guns, rifles, mortars, bazookas and ammunition.

The Turks have landed by sea as well, mainly on the safely held beaches not far from Lefka on the northwest coast. Fast Turkish navy motorboats bring 30-man platoons across the 50-mile Mediterranean stretch; they are regularly watched by a Swedish U.N. infantry company that has its headquarters in full view of the shore. In all, some 500 Turkish soldiers have landed there, helping to secure a solidly held 30-sq.-mi. area—an ideal beachhead in case a major Turkish troop intervention should be decreed by Ankara.

His Beatitude's Head. What the Turks fear is precisely what Greece threatens: to rip Cyprus from the troubled treaty that gives the 18% Turkish minority a veto over the majority Greek Cypriots and set it on the path toward *enosis*, or merger with Greece. No one is a blunter advocate of this course than wizened, fierce-mustached George Grivas, 66, the ascetic little soldier (5 ft. 4 in.) who led Cyprus' EOKA revolt against Britain in 1959 and spent five years in Greek exile. Dissatisfied with the policies of Makarios, whom he considers dishonest, not very clever, and a dupe of the Communists, Grivas talked Greece's leadership into letting him return to Cyprus last month. Virtually unannounced, he arrived and instantly won the loyalty of the Greek Cypriot irregulars—to the considerable chagrin of Makarios, who wants to get rid of Turkish influence in Cyprus but is reluctant to make his little land a mere Greek province through *enosis*.

Grivas dangles over His Beatitude's head a document allegedly signed by the prelate in 1954, swearing to fight for *enosis* until death. If Makarios has changed his mind, Grivas has not. And yet, for a while at least, Grivas turned out to be a considerable influence for order. From the moment of his arrival, the bristling little fighter talked not only *enosis* but peace and fair play for the Turks, which, as an undisputed Greek-



Cypriot hero, he felt strong enough to do. He also finally brought the Greek Cypriot "national guard," composed of anywhere from 15,000 to 40,000 men, under control, curbing the whims of impetuous lower commanders. A few days after his return, a U.N. official complained to Grivas that Greek Cypriot irregulars were firing nightly at Canadian outposts. "It won't happen again," snapped Grivas, and so far it has not.

Exit the Foreigners. But how long could this semblance of order last? Tension mounted once again and trigger fingers were itching—this time at Tempos, a village not far from Kyrenia, where Greeks last week moved some of their heavy artillery around the mountains to threaten Turkish fighters who had moved in with guns and men. In a cloud on the heights far above, St. Hilarion's castle was occupied by Turkish irregulars with shotguns and pistols, defying the Greeks to attempt an attack.

At week's end, perhaps prompted by the threat of Denmark and Sweden to send their 1,800 U.N. peace-keeping troops home, the U.N.'s Secretary-General U Thant dispatched hot notes to Turkey and Greece, demanding that at the very least the new surreptitious troop buildup be stopped. Grivas himself made it clear that his peace talk and his desire to keep order could only go so far, that he would fight unless he could get *enosis*. Visiting a hospital in Nicosia, Grivas patted an expectant mother's bulging belly and said: "You will give forth a soldier for freedom."

RUSSIA

Successor Confirmed

In three minutes, speaking before the Supreme Soviet, Nikita Khrushchev decreed the removal of Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev from the presidency of the Soviet Union and won the automatic assent of the 1,443 "worker and peasant" delegates. For Brezhnev, 57, the step down was really a step up. More clearly than ever, Brezhnev (TIME Cover, Feb. 21) is now Khrushchev's heir apparent. Being freed from the mere



GRIVAS & MAKARIOS
Toward *enosis* with heavy artillery.

protocol tasks carried out by the President (formally known as Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet), he can now apply himself more vigorously to the job that really counts: helping Nikita as a secretary of the Communist Party's Central Committee.

Brezhnev's successor in the presidency: Anastas Mikoyan, 68, who was plainly due for a rest. Active for three decades as top Soviet foreign trade specialist, the Armenian was in the hospital twice last year, needed a softer job after his recent active period as Khrushchev's troubleshooter abroad.

For Khrushchev, it seemed a safe enough solution: Mikoyan as loyal front man in the official hierarchy, Brezhnev as loyal stalwart and deputy in the party ranks.

RUMANIA

The Independent Satellite

As usual, the signs of victory had to be read between the grey, garrulous lines of Communist ideology. First, *Izvestia* apologized for an article written by an obscure Soviet economist named Valev, who had suggested that a big chunk of Rumania be peeled off for a "Lower Danube Project" aimed at providing more hydroelectric power and irrigation for the Red common market, Comecon.

In his own journal, *Viața Economică*, Rumania's Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej warned that Comeconomics, if pushed to the limits Moscow envisions, might well drive Rumania out of the scheme. If the Russians persisted in their efforts to relegate Rumania to the role of a mere supplier of raw materials (primarily oil), then Khrushchev might just as well count Rumania out as far as any assistance in Russia's fight with the Red Chinese was concerned. After long consideration, *Izvestia* found his objections justified. Even more significant was the publication this month in Moscow's journal, *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, of Gheorghiu-Dej's argument that each Communist leader has the right, if not the duty, to develop his nation's economy as he sees fit.

Crossing the Line. It was the first time that the recalcitrant Rumanian's position had been acknowledged by the Soviet press, and the simple publication of Gheorghiu-Dej's argument for economic individualism was reinforced by the fact that the Russian ideologues offered no rebuttal. Actually a counter-argument would have been useless, for last week teams of globe-trotting Rumanians were already busy crossing party lines all over the world, and making friends in the process.

In Italy, a delegation headed by Deputy Premier Gogu Radulescu hit the Innocenti metallurgical factory in Milan and the Fiat auto plant in Turin in connection with a recently signed Rome-Bucharest trade agreement. Earlier another Deputy Premier, Gheorghe Apostol, floated down the Danube en-

joying the hospitality of Austria aboard a vintage riverboat replete with wine and willfulness. "Rumania won her independence in 1867," Apostol argued, "and will follow a policy of furthering her own interests. By 1970, Rumania will be a land of industry that must be reckoned with internationally."

Skipping the Summit. To meet that deadline, other Rumanians were dicker-ing with potential economic allies, both East and West. Doubtless to Khrushchev's chagrin, Bucharest announced the conclusion of an accord with Red China that would swap Rumanian know-how in the field of petroleum engineering for Chinese expertise in agriculture, chemistry, and food processing. At the same time, Rumania was sounding out two U.S. firms—Boeing and Douglas—about the possibility of purchasing short-haul jet transports.

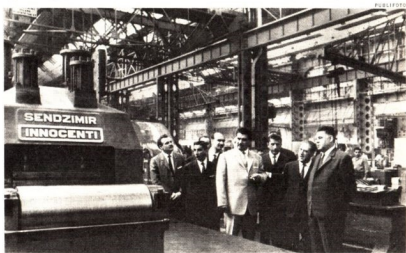
Having acknowledged Rumania's right to pursue its economic future,

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Infiltrators

South Viet Nam formally observed its "Day of Shame"—the tenth anniversary of the signing of the 1954 Geneva Treaty, which split Viet Nam in two, giving the northern half to the Communists. There were speeches, mourning processions, demonstrations. The Communists were celebrating the day in their own way—by sending an increasing flow of soldiers across the border from North Viet Nam.

In South Viet Nam's mountainous I Corps area, a three-week Communist offensive apparently had just about spent itself. Elsewhere the Reds launched nothing larger than company-size attacks, although there was fairly heavy fighting in Chuong Thien province. In neighboring Laos, Communist Pathet Lao troops attacked Muong Soui, a neutralist military base on the



DEPUTY PREMIER RADULESCU (RIGHT) VISITING MILAN PLANT
Against Comeconomics with heavy industry.

Moscow hoped in return for help from Gheorghiu-Dej in the polemical struggle with Red China. But last week, when Rumanian Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer returned from a nine-day Kremlin visit, it seemed that Rumanian cooperation would be limited at best. Khrushchev hopes to convene a huge Red rally—probably some time this fall—to read the Chinese Communists out of the movement.

In preparation for that showdown, Khrushchev wanted to gather all Eastern European leaders this week in Warsaw on the 20th anniversary of the city's Red army "liberation" to sound out their feelings in the Sino-Soviet quarrel. But Gheorghiu-Dej refused to attend the Warsaw "summit," and to avoid embarrassment, Khrushchev limited his invitations to Poland's immediate neighbors, East Germany's Walter Ulbricht and Czechoslovakia's Antonin Novotny. Rumania appeared to have won the opening round in its fight for economic independence.

edge of the Plain of Jars, but fell back when Laotian Air Force T-28 fighter-bombers cut their supply lines. All battles and skirmishes, however, were overshadowed by the fact that North Viet Nam was playing an ever more aggressive and significant role in the war. Precisely what role is still a subject for argument.

Replacements. One right-wing Laotian general charged that two full regiments of the North Viet Nam army had infiltrated into South Viet Nam through the Attapeu region of Laos. South Viet Nam's Premier, General Nguyen Khanh, said his I Corps had recently captured some Viet Minh (North Vietnamese) troops. U.S. Colonel John H. Wohner, senior American adviser to the I Corps, charged in a Saigon newspaper interview that soldiers from almost all North Viet Nam army divisions had been identified—by their insignia—fighting with the Viet Cong guerrillas in South Viet Nam. In some cases, he said, the troops from the north made up



60% of the strength of their Viet Cong units.

Officially, that version was cautiously qualified. According to a high-ranking briefing officer, the Viet Cong battalions operating in the I Corps Area have received at least 180 "native North Vietnamese replacements during the past six months." The 180 had been confirmed; the actual number might be much higher. The official account insisted that these were cadres, not combat units, although admittedly the cadre category has included battalion commanders, skilled technicians and, "it would be logical to assume, some fighting men." When they crossed the border, they severed all connections with the North Viet Nam army; thus technically, they became free agents.

But that distinction was perhaps a little too technical. So was another distinction much discussed in Saigon: whether the infiltrators are native North Vietnamese or South Vietnamese taken north for training and then sent back to fight. Both types are obviously used, and the "trainees" from the south have been among the most effective Communist fighters. Some of them, lately defected to the Saigon government, are giving interrogators a picture of just how the Communists manage their secret traffic in soldiers.

Defectors. At a special Chieu Hoy (Open Arms) Camp twelve miles east of Saigon, where defectors are gathered for rehabilitation, *TIME* Correspondents Frank McCulloch and James Wilde talked to six former Communist infiltrators. Born and raised in South Viet Nam, all had been exposed to the harangues of political commissars in their home villages and joined the Communist movement before 1954. They moved to the Communist north after the Geneva partition, mostly out of sheer hero worship for the conquerors of the hated French. Former Viet Minh Infantry Captain Huynh Duc Thac, 35, joined the Viet Minh as a civil guard when he was 20, after partition was

taken to Hanoi aboard a Polish troopship. Nguyen Thao, 32, joined his local Young Communist movement even earlier, at twelve, and walked to North Viet Nam.

In the north, all received years of intensive military, technical and political training—and eventually all were selected by the North Vietnamese government to return to the south. The trip home began at a camp south of Hanoi where units of infiltrators were assembled, then driven south by automobile to within 15 miles of the border. There, they set out on foot, following the spidery footpaths of the Ho Chi Minh trail west into Laos, then south-east across the mountainous border of South Viet Nam. The march was slow—five to seven weeks. Before they crossed into Laos, the whole band changed from their Viet Minh uniforms into the khaki of the Pathet Lao, and at the South Viet Nam border they changed once again—into the black of the Viet Cong.

Disillusion. Each unit was made up of men from the same area, and once back in South Viet Nam, they headed for their home regions. Some went to fight alongside or instruct the local Viet Cong, but others had more specialized tasks. Nguyen Thao actually built a complete small-arms factory under the South Viet Nam army's nose.

All six were hardened, highly trained Communists when they arrived. Their reasons for eventually defecting were much the same. One factor was homesickness: "It is harder to hide and fight in the hills near your home and not be able to go to it than it is to be far away from it." More important was their disillusionment with Communism. As one defector put it: "They told us the Americans were running all of South Viet Nam and that living was very bad there. When we had a chance to see for ourselves, we learned that the Vietnamese were still running Viet Nam, and things in the south were better than in the north."

THE COMMONWEALTH

How to Keep Alive

The Commonwealth of Nations is clearly impossible. Except for the colonial past, its 18 member nations—five white, nine black, four brown—have nothing, not even wealth, in common. They are divided by almost every possible denominator: color, geography, education, culture, nationalism, economic interest. And so, before each meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London, logical men quite logically predict its collapse.

They are always wrong. The Commonwealth not only staggers through, but it keeps growing. Since 1962, when Britain's attempt to join the European Common Market nearly brought down the house, three former British colonies in Africa have been admitted as new states—Uganda, Kenya and Malawi. As usual, the Commonwealth talks that closed in London last week were blunt, sometimes brutal, often divisive. And as usual, the resolutions were masterfully irresolute. In the end, little was ventured, little gained—but then little was lost.

Cheers & Sympathy. In a 4,000-word, all-purpose communiqué, so expertly equivocal that it could be unanimously approved, the Commonwealth ministers offered Malaysia "sympathy and support" against marauding Indonesia, cheered a projected peace conference between India and Pakistan, endorsed U.N. efforts to keep the peace in Cyprus. Turning to South Africa, which left the Commonwealth three years ago, they unanimously "reaffirmed their condemnation of apartheid," but backed away from an Afro-Asian demand for economic sanctions and an arms embargo: "It was recognized that there was a difference of opinion among Commonwealth countries as to whether it was right or practicable to seek the abandonment of apartheid by coercive action of whatever kind."



"MULTI-FACIAL COMMONWEALTH"
Shapeless, unorganized, illogical—but it works.

Toughest problem of all was Southern Rhodesia, where—to the increasing anger of the Commonwealth's African bloc—a white-supremacy government keeps all but 60,000 of the nation's 3,600,000 blacks from voting. Rhodesia demands Commonwealth status, threatens to declare independence and follow South Africa unless Britain gives in. The Africans argued that independence could be considered only after Rhodesia's Negro majority gets the vote, and, implicitly, control of the government. The British, hoping eventually to be able to win concessions from Rhodesia's 224,000 whites, played for time and got it. The 18 Commonwealth Prime Ministers suggested a conference to negotiate Southern Rhodesia's independence at some unspecified future date.

Bigger & Better. "A great conference," wrote the Daily Mail. "The Commonwealth has proved itself virile, interesting, real—and, above all, alive." The Commonwealth, added the Times, "is shapeless, unorganized, unstructured, anomalous, illogical. Equally, it is flexible, adaptable, pragmatic, useful. It works."

To make it work even better, after its fashion, the Prime Ministers decided to establish a Commonwealth Secretariat. To be manned and financed by all members, it will have no political powers, will serve instead as a clearing-house for information—and help Britain's Commonwealth Relations Office plan bigger and better conferences. Most remarkable fact about the new Secretariat: its strongest backers were the African members, who for all their frequent nationalist fuming evidently find advantages in belonging to the club.

AFRICA

How to Keep Going

From London the Commonwealth's African members flew on to Cairo, where a club of a different sort was meeting. Out of their traffic stacks high over Gamal Abdel Nasser's shiny new airport swooped jet after jet, bearing every sort of African leader from emperor to president to tribal chief. They were gathering for the second annual "summit" of the fledgling Organization of African Unity founded by His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia a little over a year ago.

A vast, parti-colored mosaic, the O.A.U. consists of 34 states fragmented into racial, tribal and religious segments that make the Commonwealth's problems look easy. With a total population of only 240 million (less than Western Europe), the O.A.U.'s member states show per capita incomes as low as \$17 a year, giving the group as a whole less purchasing power than New York State. Yet for all its obstacles, the O.A.U. in its short lifetime has a number of successes to its credit. It skillfully mediated the Algerian-Moroccan border war and cooled down the fighting between Ethiopia and Somalia on

Africa's hot, dry eastern horn. Somalia likewise stopped its border skirmishing with Kenya—officially at least—and is now negotiating both disputes under O.A.U. auspices.

Instant Unity? As the conference got under way last week, Ghana's "Redeemer," Kwame Nkrumah, offered his usual proposal for instant Pan-African unity, was instantly cold-shouldered by most of the delegates, who realize that though federation is a fine hope for the future, it cannot work now. The grand items on the agenda promised the customary condemnation of Africa's remaining white-dominated nations, a pledge to tighten the existing boycott on the Union of South Africa, and plenty of high-flown words on the benefits of pulling together.

On a more modest level, the organization's technicians were making sound if unspectacular proposals for increased inter-African trade, the establishment

THE CONGO

The Snake Has All the Lines

According to a story now current in Leopoldville, the Congolese government is actually run by a talking snake. Not long ago, as the witchmen tell it, an army officer's wife was walking through the forest outside her husband's garrison when the snake slithered up and hissed: "Take me to your leader." She did, and ever since it has been dispensing advice from President Joseph Kasavubu's king-like mansion on the banks of the Congo River.

Last week there was strong suspicion that the snake had turned against the Congo's new Premier, Moïse Tshombe. To prove himself a true-blue African leader and dispel accusations of colonialist stoogery, Katanga's onetime secessionist leader planned to attend this week's meeting of the Organization of African Unity in Cairo. Tshombe knew



TSHOMBE, GIZENGA & KALONJI
Problems, protests, revolt—and hope.

of an O.A.U.-wide commission of jurists, improved telecommunications and transportation. It was an irony of the conference that some of its delegates would have to fly to their sub-Saharan homes by way of Europe.

In the Same Boat. Nasser had laid on quite a welcome. A pair of saluting cannons chugged steadily while the Egyptian army band played a carefully rehearsed series of national anthems, most of which were unwritten five years ago. The entire Nile Hilton was turned over to the delegates, and Sheppard's bar was jammed. For nondrinking Moslems there was belly-dancing in the Tent Caravan Nightclub at the Hilton.

But the key mood of the Cairo conference was a sober one. Nasser himself best expressed it in his welcoming address to the Africans: "We are all in the same boat. We have all, in one way or another, struggled for independence. We have all achieved it in one form or another. Yet, at the very moment of victory, we discovered that the end we had reached was only the beginning of the real challenge."

he had many enemies in the 34 African states comprising the O.A.U., but felt he could win sympathy from the group's conservative members and hold his own with the rest through the sheer force of his considerable personal charm.

Good as His Word. But howls of protest arose from Algeria's Ahmed Ben Bella, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, and even Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. To them, Tshombe is still the renegade who played on the side of the Belgians, the man who connived at the murder of Leftist Patrice Lumumba, the Congo's first Premier. Worried at the reception they might receive in Cairo, Kasavubu nervously canceled both his and Tshombe's appearances at the O.A.U. meeting.

It was a setback in the Premier's bold, uphill battle to weld a cohesive government for the Congo, and he was furious. Accurately enough, he accused Ben Bella and the others of running ruthless dictatorships that produced martyrs no less worthy of sympathy than Lumumba. "To Monsieur Ben Bella, who shouts loudly, I answer with

equal force," Tshombe said. "Do as we do, free your political prisoners."

An hour later, Tshombe proved to be as good as his word. Into Leopoldville's Ndjili Airport flew an Air Congo Beechcraft carrying Leftist Leader Antoine Gizenga, self-proclaimed heir to Patrice Lumumba and the instigator of Stanleyville's bloody 1961 revolt. Clad in a red, white and blue ski sweater, Gizenga was unshaven but smiling as he stepped out of the plane, apparently none the worse for the 2½ years he had spent on Bulambemba, an island prison in the mouth of the Congo River. It had not been a painful confinement, for his obliging jailers had given Gizenga plenty of opportunity to engage in his favorite non-political sports: the smoking of hemp

benignly. The crowd waved crossed branches—the Congo-wide symbol of unity—and women danced so wildly that they nearly spilled the porcelain tubs of manioc flour balanced on their heads. It all seemed very hopeful, except that revolt still raged in three of the Congo's outlying provinces, where Communist-encouraged bands burned villages, terrorized whites and slaughtered Congolese almost at will. Still, Tshombe has made more progress so far toward solving the Congo's chaotic problems than any of his predecessors. And he certainly has self-confidence. At a rally in Baudouin Stadium before 25,000 rapt listeners, he said: "Before discovering America, Christopher Columbus said to his tired friends, 'In

bers, is still the nation's biggest. Ever since a Russian jet had flown his body back from the Black Sea, where he died of a heart attack on a Soviet ship, thousands of mourners had walked past Thorez' casket as he lay in state first in the *hôtel de ville* at Ivry, which he had represented in the National Assembly on and off for 32 years, later in central Paris at the party headquarters, which had been draped entirely in black. Receiving condolences, Jeannette Vermeersch, Thorez' widow and Communist co-worker, stood stoically for hours at the bier.

Even Charles de Gaulle, who had recruited Thorez as a Cabinet minister after World War II in the desperate effort to rebuild the nation,* pronounced a qualified tribute: "I do not forget that in a decisive period for France, Maurice Thorez—whatever his actions before or after—followed my call and, as a member of my government, contributed to the maintenance of national unity."

On the day of the funeral, police blocked off 3½ miles of Paris' busiest boulevards, and half a million people stood in the sweltering heat as the mile-long procession headed for Père-Lachaise. Ahead of the flag-draped coffin strode ranks of miners from Thorez' native north, wearing red scarves and white helmets. Behind the hearse walked row after row of foreign Communist officials. At the cemetery Waldeck Rochet, who succeeded Thorez as secretary-general only ten weeks ago, paid respects to his old chief.

For years, younger elements in the party had been struggling to win more independence in the tight, monolithic structure built by Thorez over the years. Rochet, handpicked by Thorez, reflects the old man's views. But deprived of *cher Maurice's* prestige and personality, he will find it increasingly difficult to fend off the reformers.

WEST GERMANY

At Last, Clearly in Charge

Many times, when he was Vice Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard had been called into Konrad Adenauer's spacious, baroque office in Bonn's Palais Schaumburg and hawled out by *der Alte* for real or fancied transgressions. The setting was still much the same: the sunny room overlooking the Rhine, the Persian rugs, the stately furniture. But now the roles were reversed. Sitting in the Chancellor's chair was Ludwig Erhard, and he had peremptorily summoned the venerable Adenauer at 9:15 a.m. to dress him down in the presence of

* Thorez had deserted from the French Army and spent the last years of World War II in Moscow. When De Gaulle signed his friendship treaty with the Soviet Union in Moscow in 1944 (as he recalled in his memoirs), Stalin said: "If I were in your place, I would not put Thorez in prison," adding with one of his cynical smiles, "At least not right away."



THOREZ FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PARIS
In death, a show of strength.

and the pursuit at close quarters of young girls.

Crossed Branches. Tshombe was determined to use Gizenga, and his considerable left-wing following, in his efforts to unify the Congo. Without giving Gizenga even enough time to shave, Tshombe put him into the back seat of a white Impala convertible. He also grabbed the onetime God-Emperor of Kasai province, Albert Kalonji, now Tshombe's Agriculture Minister, and set forth on a triumphant tour of Leopoldville's African quarter. For 2½ hours, thousands of Congolese paid screaming homage to the unlikely trio, who as bitter rivals had once led the Congo's most ruinous major rebellions.

Clapping an arm around "Brother" Moise, Gizenga explained in the Lingala language that his rebel days were over. "I am ready to work for pacification and peace in our country," he said

three days I will give you a new world.' To you who are also tired—tired of anarchy and disorder—I say, three months and I will give you a new Congo."

With that kind of oratory, he might even be able to charm the talking snake in Kasavubu's palace.

FRANCE

Turnout for Maurice

Some of the noblest bones of France lie in the sod of Père-Lachaise, the most stately cemetery in Paris. It was there, and not in a humble graveyard, that French Communists last week buried Maurice Thorez, for three decades their leader.

Not in living memory had a Frenchman received in death so lavish an outpouring of homage—a sobering reminder that France's shrunken Communist Party, with 240,000 card-carrying mem-

Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder. "After some of the things that have been going on," said Erhard, grimly puffing a thick cigar, "I thought it would be useful for us to get together." Several cigars and 90 minutes later, Adenauer more or less meekly picked up the phone and called his principal ally, former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, advising him to do nothing that would aggravate the disunity of their party.

Francoomania. The party's disunity was caused by the fact that Adenauer, Strauss and other West German "Gaullists" had been trying to force the Chancellor's hand in the conduct of foreign policy. Erhard and Foreign Minister Schröder base their policy on alliance with the U.S. and support an Atlantic-oriented, tightly integrated European union. Faithful to this conception, Erhard turned down President de Gaulle's brusque proposal, during recent talks in Bonn, of a loose confederation first of France and Germany, later to be joined by other Continental nations who might want in.

To the Gaullists within West Germany's ruling Christian Democratic Union, this loose federation scheme is mainly a convenient but thin disguise for what they really want—a German-French axis, independent of the U.S., that would enable Germany to carry on a far more nationalistic policy. Mostly Roman Catholic in faith and cultural tradition, they are suspicious of the Anglo-Saxon, Protestant world; above all, they fear that the current relaxation between Washington and Moscow is being achieved at the expense of eventual German reunification.

The clincher for the Gaullist plans was to come last week. The Munich convention of Strauss's Christian Social Union, the Bavarian affiliate of the C.D.U., was to issue a call for a drastic

reorientation of West Germany's foreign policy. The shift was to be formally adopted at a meeting in Bonn of the Gaullist-packed C.D.U. directorate, under Adenauer's chairmanship.

Konrad Outfoxed. But all the plans went awry when the usually easygoing Erhard got mad on his return from a recent trip to Denmark (TIME, July 17). Then, after the confrontation in the Chancellor's office, Erhard went to Munich and addressed the C.S.U. convention in the same fighting mood.

"The foreign policy of the federal government is my policy," said Erhard. "I am the one who carries the final responsibility. I can't give it up, and I won't give it up. And let's be quite candid. It is inept of the all too clever people when they say, 'We must go easy on Erhard, we need him for the 1965 elections.' Ladies and gentlemen, I am telling you here and now that this is a gross deception. I make policy for Germany and not for the elections."

Some of Erhard's admirers had worried that he had not fully asserted himself since taking office. Now there could be little doubt that the genial fat man was really Chancellor of West Germany.

TURKEY

"I Am But a Simple Murderer"

Southeastern Turkey is the badlands of Asia Minor—a forbidding, sparsely populated region of parched plains and spiny, 10,000-ft. mountains, of swirling dust and barely passable roads. It is an inhospitable land to everybody except bandits and smugglers. For more than a decade, the most notorious bandit in the area has been Mehmet Ihsan Kilit, known throughout Turkey simply as "Kocero." He usually looked like a walking arsenal, with bandoleers of cartridges over his chest, binoculars dangling from his neck, a rifle slung over his shoulder, and a hunting knife or a revolver seemingly glued to his hand. He was believed to have killed at least half a dozen men.

\$20,000 Haul. Son of a Kurdish mother and a Turkish father who belonged to the nomadic Kocerli tribe (hence the nickname), Kocero was born 38 years ago in a tiny, ten-house village. For a while he was poor but straight, but in 1950 he killed his brother-in-law in an "affair of honor," stole more than \$250 in lire and gold coins and fled for the hills. From then on, Kocero virtually ruled what few roads there were in the southeast. In a single day, he and his band of five or six men looted 200 people by halting one bus after another on a main highway, made off with nearly \$20,000. As a sideline, he got fat fees for guiding smugglers of opium, cattle, coffee, silks and jewelry across the Turkish-Syrian border.

In the confusion that followed Turkey's 1960 military coup, Kocero kept extending his franchise westward, and the government began organizing huge



BANDIT KOCERO
In life, a deadly legend.

hunting parties to track him down. "Why this display of government forces, army, gendarmerie, police?" he once complained. "After all, I am but a simple murderer."

Then Betrayal. The simple murderer proved a difficult man to catch, and Interior Minister Sahir Kurultuoglu came under such intense criticism for failing to do so that he went personally to the southeast, summoned provincial governors, army commanders and police officers to a meeting to chart plans for trapping Kocero. At the moment the meeting was being held, the bandit was nonchalantly holding up eleven autos and buses a scant eight miles away. The laughingstock of Turkey, Kurultuoglu resigned soon afterward.

It took a betrayal to finish Kocero. Early this month he seized a night watchman at a petroleum company camp near the town of Siirt and demanded his help in heisting the camp's monthly payroll. The guard told Kocero that the payroll was not due until the following night, and swore it on the Koran. When Kocero returned with his men for the robbery the next night, the local gendarmes were waiting for them. During the struggle that followed, Kocero was caught by a shotgun's blast, but somehow he managed to stagger off badly wounded into the night. Two days later police discovered his body on the bank of a mountain stream two miles away.

Among a people who sing folk songs of their bandits, death is likely to make a hero of Kocero. In the Turkish city of Adana, youngsters have already formed a "Kocero Admirers' Club." And despite repeated government statements that he is dead, Kocero lives still for the peasants of southeastern Turkey.



CHANCELLOR ERHARD
In anger, a new authority.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

More Time

By their own ground rules, Brazil's revolutionaries were supposed to hold an election Oct. 3, 1965, and then turn the country back to a popularly elected President. Contemplating all the things wrong with Brazil, the new civilian and military leaders considered that too little time to work out the necessary reforms. Last week the Brazilian Congress extended President Humberto Castello Branco's term and set the election for Nov. 15, 1966. A second vote, scheduled for this week, will make it official.

The electoral reform bill, as proposed by Castello Branco last month,



LACERDA & CASTELLO BRANCO
Invective for deaf ears.

originally made no provision for extending the President's term. He wanted revision of the electoral laws to require that a presidential candidate win a popular majority for election; if no candidate had a majority, Congress would then pick a winner. But many of the revolution's leaders seized upon the provision as a chance to extend the President's term.

The man most bitterly opposed to the idea was Carlos Lacerda, the mercurial Guanabara state governor and a front-running candidate in any future presidential election. Returning from a trip abroad, Lacerda had two cordial meetings with Castello Branco, then turned around and stormed that "a revolution that hides from the people is no longer a revolution but a coup." His invective fell on deaf ears; many of Lacerda's own U.D.N. Party members in Congress rebelled and joined other Senators and Deputies in a majority approval of the bill.

Castello Branco can well use the ex-

tra months. In a series of TV broadcasts last week, the President and his Cabinet described how much has to be done. Brazil's state-owned railway system is losing \$1,000,000 a day; the social security system, which still owes \$40 million on last year's debts, cannot meet present commitments, and the country's overall federal deficit this year will reach \$425 million—one of the highest in Brazil's history.

HAITI

Return of the Exiles

Since Dictator François Duvalier took power in Haiti seven years ago, thousands upon thousands of Haitians have fled into exile, most of them crossing into the Dominican Republic. The few who returned to fight Duvalier invariably met defeat—and often a grisly death—at the hands of the dictator's henchmen. Last week, a month after Duvalier proclaimed himself "President for life," another small exile band was back in Haiti, attempting to stir up a guerrilla war.

The invaders, possibly fewer than 50 men, landed by boat late last month on Haiti's southern coast, linked up with some two dozen sympathizers and disappeared into a rugged spine of mountains ten miles inland. When news of the landing reached Port-au-Prince, Duvalier rushed his militiamen to the area. Throughout Haiti the terror was on. Scores of suspected rebel sympathizers were rounded up and tortured; many were beaten to death. In Port-au-Prince, more than ten members of a single family—including an 18-month-old child—disappeared into Duvalier's notorious Fort Dimanche prison. At a crossroads near Port-au-Prince, two peasants were crucified and left to rot in the sun as a warning to political defectors.

In an angry telegram to the U.N., Duvalier's Foreign Minister accused the Dominican Republic of financing an "invasion" of Haiti by "Haitian and Dominican elements" bent on sabotage and assassination of the "closest collaborators of Haiti's head of state." For days, Haitian exile leaders in the Dominican Republic remained quiet. Then, Father Jean-Baptiste Georges, a Roman Catholic priest who once served as Haiti's Education Minister, and Pierre L. Rigaud, head of Haiti's old liberal National Democratic Union, called a press conference in the Dominican capital of Santo Domingo. The exile force, they announced, was part of the Haitian Revolutionary Armed Forces, and was delivering arms to a resistance group already in Haiti. Where they were getting weapons and money, and where they were training, Rigaud and Father Georges would not say. But the Dominican government had nothing to do with it. "This is a Haitian fight, and

only Haitians are involved in it," said Father Georges.

Last week Duvalier's government claimed that the rebels were cornered in their mountain hideout. But he had said much the same thing before.

VENEZUELA

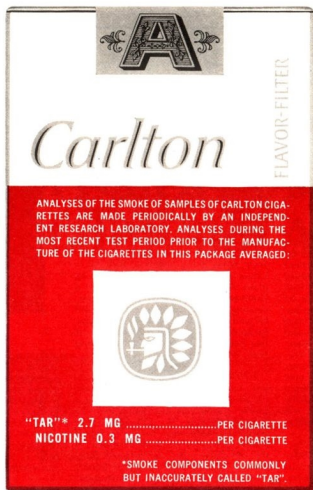
Return of the F.A.L.N.

During the term of President Rómulo Betancourt, Venezuela was inflamed by the Castroite terrorists who like to call themselves the Armed Forces of National Liberation. The F.A.L.N. hijacked a freighter and airliner, kidnapped a U.S. Army colonel, robbed banks, blew up oil pipelines, burned stores and factories. But the Castroites failed to upset the constitutional election last December of Betancourt's successor, Raúl Leoni, and little was heard from them for months. Now the undeclared truce has been broken, and the F.A.L.N. seems more dangerously vicious than before.

In one four-day period last week, terrorists in Caracas ambushed three policemen walking their beats, machine-gunned them to death; another cop was shot as he bicycled home from duty. What the F.A.L.N. was doing out in the countryside worried officials even more. Guerrilla bands have suddenly appeared in eight of Venezuela's 20 states. Last week, in a dozen skirmishes, the F.A.L.N. blew up an important highway bridge, attacked police patrols and national-guard posts, killing one and wounding two government men.

The most heavily infested area is the hilly El Bachiller region 90 miles east of Caracas. There, for the past three weeks, the government has been mounting a small war against an estimated 100 to 300 guerrillas. Acting on a tip from loyal peasants, the government brought in combat troops to wipe out the Castroites. Venezuelan air force B-25s swept overhead, dropping anti-personnel bombs; 105-mm. artillery shelled the heavily wooded hillsides—a tactic more likely to produce a psychological than a military advantage. In 21 days of sniping and patrol-sized fire fights, seven Castroites were killed and 26 captured (the Venezuelan army did not report its own casualties). Then the guerrillas melted away into the hills.

Some estimates put the total number of Castroites in the eight states at 1,500, and they are growing bold enough to terrorize small towns for a few hours until army troops come to the rescue. So far, most of them have kept a jump ahead of the army, which has little experience in counter-insurgency warfare. With help from officers who have gone through the U.S. anti-guerrilla school in Panama, the Venezuelans are training a force of *cazadores* (hunters), patterned after the U.S. rangers right up to their green berets.



Test results on the pack.

This is Carlton, the unusual new cigarette from The American Tobacco Company. Everything about Carlton is selected and crafted to produce this one result: (A cigarette that is low in "tar" and nicotine—yet high in smoking pleasure.) Carlton is so low in "tar" and nicotine we print test results on all packs, on all cartons. Give Carlton the time it takes you to smoke a carton. See for yourself.



Air Vents
in the
filter

Carlton—the first cigarette to combine distinctive blend, high porosity paper, and a new flavor enriching filter with activated charcoal and "Precision Air Vents."

Product of The American Tobacco Company

PEOPLE

Batters better swing high, wide and fan some when **Fidel Castro**, 37, steps up to the mound to give a demonstration of his celebrated pitching prowess. Since he won the revolution, he has not lost a game. But now it appears that Fidel's new soothing syrup is for domestic consumption as well as export. Radio Havana breathlessly reported that a recent *beisbol* game ended 3-0 after five innings with *el máximo líder* the losing hurler, though naturally he was "in magnificent form." Why five innings? Well, when Castro walks off the field, it seems that everybody else quits too.

There was space, lots of space, in the starry skies above, but Astronaut **Scott Carpenter**, 39, discovered that the dawn comes up with a thundering herd in Bermuda. Buzzing along on one of those mid-ocean motor bikes at 5:30 a.m. to the U.S. Navy base where he was temporarily stationed for some underwater training, Carpenter met two cars passing on a narrow road, and when he sheered aside to avoid them, bounced into a coral wall just the way the tourists do. Toll: a compound fracture of the left arm that may take surgery for a proper set, a fractured toe on his left foot, and a rapidly ballooning left knee, all of which will keep him well above the water line at least ten weeks.

With his 90th birthday only four months away, **Sir Winston Churchill** doesn't do much stepping out any more,

but prefers to sit in the garden of his London home, 28 Hyde Park Gate. Thus, when his 23-year-old journalist grandson and namesake married Minnie d'Erlander, 24, in a London registry office last week (he is an Anglican, she a Roman Catholic), Sir Winston sent Lady Clem to the ceremony alone. But the bridal party dropped round afterward to raise a toast with the grand old man, whom they found in the company of his plump cat, Jock.

Mount Morris Park in Harlem is ugly, steep and dangerous, but it lies in a part of the city that Composer **Richard Rodgers**, 62, knows well. He grew up there when it was still a middle-class neighborhood, went sledding in the park, near it met Lyricist Larry Hart. Now, doing his bit to turn Manhattan once again into an isle of joy, he plans to build and give to the city a 2,000-seat amphitheater for musicals, dancing, skating and concerts. It will be built in Mount Morris Park, explains Rodgers, because "I got a lot out of that park, and I want to put something back into it."

For want of a male, the show was lost. Italian Producer Dino de Laurentiis announced that he was canceling a movie in which he had planned to star **Princess Soraya**, 32, because he was unable to "modernize" a Henry James novel, *The American*, sufficiently to suit her talents. But the whisper along Rome's Via Veneto had it that Soraya was the one who had refused to modernize: as Iran's ex-Queen, she had imperiously insisted on top billing, and no star De Laurentiis approached would play second fiddle to an amateur. In private, Soraya's escort crisis was not so acute. She took off from Capri on a week-long yacht cruise with her real-life leading man, German Cinematographer Maximilian Schell.

Togetherness was possibly somewhat overdone on July 15, 1943, but Argentina's Diligent quintuplets celebrated their coming of age nicely scattered about the globe. **Maria Cristina Diligenti** was in Rome, where she works as a secretary. **Carlos and Franco**, students in British Columbia, put in a full day's work (though their father is a millionaire industrialist) at their summer jobs as \$3.19-an-hour Vancouver longshoremen. Back home in Buenos Aires, **Maria Ester and Maria Fernanda** are both married, and have three children, two girls and a boy, between them. But all five sent happy birthday *besos* and *abrazos* to one another and their proud parents by telephone.

A typically English young girl's best friend is her pony, and that goes dapple for **Princess Anne**, 13, who comes from



PRINCESS ANNE
To win a red rosette.

such horsey stock that Dad is sporting an arm in a sling as a result of his third polo spill in 13 months. His only daughter put on a J.G.S. (school slang for jolly good show) representing her school, Benenden, for the first time at a local meet. She took a piebald named Jester over the jumps to win a red rosette (winning team) in the combined competition, picked up yellow (tie third) in junior dressage.

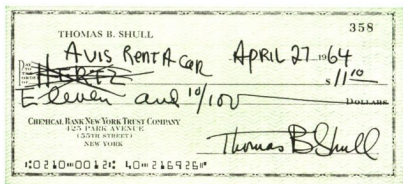
At a dinner given by the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation (of which he is chairman), in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., United Nations Ambassador **Adlai Stevenson**, 64, defined the social life of a diplomat: "Protocol, alcohol and Geritol."

Singing the *Internationale*, 300 admirers greeted Mexican Artist **David Alfaro Siqueiros**, 67, on his release from a Mexico City jail, hoisted him on their shoulders and pressed a bunch of red, red roses into his arms. The Mexican government had set the fiery old Communist painter free after he had served four years of an eight-year sentence for inspiring a 1960 leftist riot. But Siqueiros was anything but chastened. "My incarceration has been but a parenthesis in my political and artistic life," said he, raising his right hand in the clenched-fist salute. And to prove it, he announced plans for the year: 1) complete a mural at Chapultepec castle, the national museum, portraying the Mexican Revolution; 2) complete another for the national theatrical artists' union, and 3) go to Havana to start work on a project dedicated to the overthrow of Fulgencio Batista's regime.



THE CHURCHILLS
To raise a toast.

Who do you think of first when you think of rent a cars? Certainly not Avis.



How one of our customers made out his check.

It must be nice
to be a household
word. Like Jell-O,
Coke or Kodak.

But we're not.
Avis is only No. 2
in rent a cars, and

it's always the big fellow you think of first.

So we have to try harder. Hoping the people who stumble
on us will come back for more.

(We probably have the world's most fussed-over Fords.
Spick and span and nicely in tune.)

And when someone calls us by the wrong name, we turn
the other cheek.

After all, it doesn't matter what you call us.
Just so you call.

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Electronic Olympics

There were Republicans there, too, but they were a minority. Specifically, the ratio was 7 to 10. The assembled G.O.P. delegates at the San Francisco convention numbered 1,308. The personnel sent by the television networks to cover the event numbered 1,825.

They covered it all right—so expansively and so expensively that it might seem picaresque even to consider the mistakes they inadvertently committed along the way. But it must be understood that political conventions are the intramural Olympics of television. The networks' panoply of glimpsed emotions, analyses, quips and radioactive poop are the team points they are scoring in their decathlons with one another to see who is best. Since they are spending \$25 million on political coverage this year to find out, they probably deserve the judgments they seek.

The Bird Dogs. By a hair, NBC was best, at least at the half, with the Democratic Convention still to be played. NBC owes its victory—confirmed by last week's ratings, which gave NBC a bigger share of the audience than CBS and ABC combined—to the fine and tireless work of its bird-dog reporters.



CBS'S CRONKITE

Chasing candidates in hotels and delegates on the floor, walkie-talkers like John Chancellor, Edwin Newman, Frank McGee, Bob Teague and Sander Vanocur always seemed to be in the most interesting places at the most interesting times, in moments of import as well as absurdity.

Two and a half hours before the ballot, Vanocur accosted Seranton's floor manager, Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott, and extracted from him remarks that were an almost overt admission that Seranton had already conceded defeat. Though reporters and delegates on the spot may have known it, the TV audience across the country did not—getting in addition a little episode of ineptitude on the part of Scott. Chancellor, on the other hand, made capital amusement out of his own arrest. Led out of the hall by a sergeant at arms for refusing to clear an aisle, he kept yattering into his walkie-talkie, assuring NBC's listeners that others would carry on in his absence, proclaiming his arrest an undignified disgrace, and signing off with "This is John Chancellor, somewhere in custody."

Pretzeled David. Even though their act is pretty much played out, NBC's Chet Huntley and David Brinkley still managed to be more diverting and amusing than the other so-called anchor men. Brinkley pretzels himself in an attempt to give the impression that he is doing his best to contain most of his natural wit, when actually he is straining to be funny. His best effort last week was his description of Illinois' Everett Dirksen as "a Shakespearean actor *manqué*."

NBC's newsmen produced one ten-pound peccadillo, and it came in the twelve-minute interlude between Senator Goldwater's acceptance speech and

the formal end of the convention. Huntley said: "Senator Keating of New York seems to be leading the entire New York delegation in departing from the convention hall." CBS, at the same time, was accurately reporting the uneventful and orderly breakup of the crowd. Back on NBC, David Brinkley went on: "Three-fourths of the New York delegation has walked out." Outside the hall, Sander Vanocur then explained that Keating may have been misled by Goldwater's line about "'excess being no vice'" —misquoting Goldwater and misrepresenting Keating. Keating's press secretary later reported that the Senator was "stunned" at all this. He merely left when the speech was over, hoping to beat most of the crowd, which he did.

Character Sketches. Despite the ratings, the qualitative difference between NBC and CBS was actually quite slight. The convention, after all, was fully and exhaustively visible on all three networks. In the anchor booth, CBS tried a new vertical arrangement in contrast to the horizontal give-and-take of Huntley and Brinkley. CBS's congenial Walter Cronkite carried all the burden of coordinating CBS's coverage, while Eric Sevareid would appear every so often as a kind of *deus ex machina* and deliver auroral analyses uninhibited by routine details, or a shaft of wit, as when he recalled H. L. Mencken's description of a convention orator as coming from "a home for extinct volcanoes."

CBS was also best in coming up with offbeat sidebars, finding good material in unobvious quarters. Cartoonist Bill Mauldin, for example, put in some fine moments on CBS sketching the faces of Goldwater and Seranton, making comments on the characters of each as he felt them coming up through his pencil. He showed how Goldwater's glasses make him look better, whereas glasses on Seranton "kill him dead, make him look like an English teacher." CBS also scored what amounted to a news beat when Cronkite was the first to get Governor Seranton to say that he had not



NBC'S CHANCELLOR IN CUSTODY



NBC'S MCGEE & KNOWLAND
Participating as well as reporting.



ABC'S HAGERTY, LAWRENCE & EISENHOWER



Confessions of a neophyte cigar smoker

I walk into a restaurant a little unsure of just how to hold my Corina Cigar as I move to my table.

Several women sneak glances at me.

The waiter seems more respectful today.

I think of Albright at the office calling me "Sir" this morning.

I'm seated and I take a puff. This Corina is so flavorful I'm not even tempted to inhale.

I order . . . seems to me my voice is a little deeper and stronger.

I look forward to dinner. Food tastes better lately.

Afterward I relax and light up another Corina Lark. The

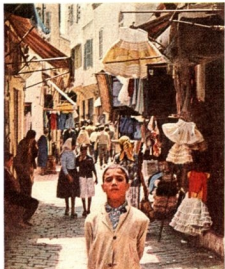
flavor is mild . . . so even a beginner like myself enjoys it. I see why Corina Larks are the largest selling 15¢ cigar most everywhere.

I gaze at the pretty girl at the next table. Switching to cigars was a good idea. Switching up to Corina was a better one.

The girl smiles . . .



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Europe



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**AMERICAN EXPORT
ISBRANDTSEN LINES**

On a Sunlane Cruise, you sight-see your way to Europe, American-style. In the Mediterranean you visit Cannes, Genoa, Naples, Casablanca, Madeira, Gibraltar, Majorca. After a busy day sight-seeing you're back aboard your Sunliner, enjoying service that speaks your language. 3-week Sunlane Cruises from \$486 (Cabin Class). Slightly higher in summer. Cruise one way or round trip; stop over as long as you want. Sailings every two weeks from New York. Also, economy Mediterranean cruises aboard SS ATLANTIC. See your travel agent or write 24 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004. Welcome aboard!

read his catastrophic letter before it was sent to Goldwater.

By Turtle, ABC announced the same revelation an hour later, and that fairly well suggests the quality of ABC's coverage of the convention. Viewers who stayed with ABC long enough would sooner or later find out all that was important, but the breaking news apparently was sent by box turtle to ABC Anchor Men Howard Smith and Edward Morgan. Yet ABC is attempting for the first time to compete at par with the other two networks, is spending \$7,000,000 on its election coverage, including \$50,000 for the services of Dwight D. Eisenhower as an exclusive ABC commentator.

Ike should never have accepted. He was too much a figure in the convention—at least a potential one—to be a paid hand of a TV network. ABC got little for its \$50,000, as Ike put in his duty time saying nothing and saying it gently, in conversation with his ex-Press Secretary James Hagerty, who is now an ABC vice president.

Despite their energetic coverage, the general role of the networks at political conventions has in some ways become disturbing. Whereas they once moved in and televised conventions like any other major news event (1948, 1952), they have now become so much a part of the scene and a source of the show that they are really participating as well as reporting. They cover the convention and they cover themselves too.

Often they show little respect for the politicians who are supposed to be the central figures of the meeting. While Everett Dirksen was nominating Barry Goldwater, both Cronkite and Huntley interspersed their own voices, passing comments and judgments on what Dirksen was saying, not giving the man a chance to deliver his speech as a whole. The networks often cut away from speeches in mid-sentence, or ignored them altogether, on the assumption that their own material was more interesting than what they had come to cover.

Hopeful BB. The networks have also to a considerable extent shut out the great ground-swellings noises of the convention hall. Sound is half the atmosphere there, and it is thick enough to cut, but TV merely cuts it off or down, protecting its commentators but depriving TV audiences of the convention's overbearing sense of commotion.* When Governor Rockefeller was loudly booed as he spoke last week, the booing was almost imperceptible.

The networks apparently see no difference between coverage of a conven-

* For those who wondered why NBC did not seize this opportunity to broadcast the proceedings in color, the answer is, sadly, that the color technology is not yet up to it. Hand-held color cameras are not yet manufactured. Except for special spots, like the rostrum itself, lighting is not adequate for color in such a big hall. And NBC executives decided that occasional shots of color interspersed between the black and white would be more confusing than desirable.



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Now you can make Daquiris by the pitcherful—in seconds.

All you need: Frozen Fresh Daquiri Mix and dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

Why Daquiri Mix? Saves you the bother of squeezing limes. Each can makes 12 Daquiris. Look for Daquiri Mix at food or liquor stores.

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Free recipe booklet with 31 delightful rum drinks. Write: Rum Booklet, Dept. T-3, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

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MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards



THE J'S WITH JAMIE

Up in front with a cutting edge.

tion and an election. In November, all they have to deal with is an incoming tumble of numbers, and the analytical function of the anchor men is central. They are the center of the stage. Unfortunately, they arrogate to themselves the same importance at conventions, upstaging the assembled party.

At earlier conventions, mobile crews brilliantly covered corridor intrigues and kingmaking sessions in sequestered hotel rooms; but it had long been obvious that there would be none of that this year. The most important aspect of the convention last week was missed almost completely by the networks. Spending all their time fussing over the latest developments among the sorry pack of obvious also-rans, they made no real attempt to concentrate on the man who had the nomination sewed up from the start. The TV coverage before the first ballot was largely focused on Scranton, who was clearly firing a BB at a battleship. Goldwater himself was unavailable, but the networks' roving floor reporters should have spent at least half their time talking to the swarming delegates who had come to nominate him, having them explain in their own terms why they were resolved to do it.

Oratorios for Industry

They have probably been heard by more people more times than any other group in the history of sound. Yet next to nobody knows who they are. They are the world's most successful singers of TV commercials.

Calling themselves the "J's with Jamie," they are the original and only singers of the Marlboro song, "You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter, flavor, flip-top box." They sing the Campbell's Red Kettle Soup song and "The Campbells are coming with pork and beans." The J's and Jamie are so subtly harmonious that they can sound like six different brews for six different beers.

The group was formed 4½ years ago by Tenor Joe Silvia and his brunette

wife Jamie. Tired of road trips with bus-traveling bands, they settled in Chicago, took on a bass and a baritone as partners and began singing nothing but dog-chow arias and cantatas of smoke. "We wanted a normal life," says Joe, "children and a home. We wanted to try to live like other people do, and that is what we've done." They make a nice, normal \$250,000 a year. Broadway Producers Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin, hearing Jamie's voice, once nibbled in her direction but were told that she was out of their financial class.

They sing about Paper Mate's deep-pendible pen, they do the Pillsbury suite ("Nothin' says lovin' like something from the oven"), and Jamie's is the voice of the animated Aero-Shave mermaid. They do Northwest Orient's Oriental airlines song, A.T. & T.'s long-distance elegy, and Alka-Seltzer's *bel canto* promise: "Relief is just a swallow away." One of their super-specialties is, "Look for the spear and get chewing enjoyment."

They also elect Senators:

Hey look him over
He's your kind of guy
His first name is Birch
His last name is Bayh.

After the Indiana populace heard Jamie sing that for the 22,356th time in the autumn of 1962, Birch Bayh went to Washington.

The group is the best commercial-singing ensemble largely because of what an adman calls "the cutting edge of Jamie's voice." All four singers deliver their words with the sort of enunciation that makes poets out of admen. "Their words seem to be coming from a foot outside of their mouths in a kind of bas-relief," says one such poet.

The J's and Jamie were once purists, but Columbia Records has succeeded in getting them to do noncommercial albums, which have sold well. A third is due in the fall. Assorted nightclubs have been offering them \$7,000 a week. But they really prefer the oratorios of industry.



SEE BOB HOPE AND THE CHRYSLER THEATER, NBC-TV, FRIDAYS

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Simca 1000's 5-year or 50,000-mile warranty protection covers the vital engine and drive train parts that could run up big repair bills. It pays for both replacement parts and labor.

No other economy import has a warranty on these parts that lasts even half as long.

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HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO: Give your car this normal care—change engine oil and retorque the cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter change engine oil every 3 months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; clean oil separator every 6 months (spring and fall); clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and clean the crankcase ventilator valve oil filler cap and change Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months, or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; AND every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

****Manufacturer's suggested retail price East Coast POE including heater, excluding state and local taxes, if any, and destination charges. Whitewalls optional, extra.**

SIMCA DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

THE LAW

THE COURTS

Trial by Newspapers

Dr. Sam Sheppard was a free man last week. Almost ten years after his conviction for the bludgeon-murder of his wife, the Ohio osteopath was ordered released from prison by U.S. District Judge Carl A. Weinman on the ground that his constitutional rights had been violated because he had not been given a fair trial. State authorities wasted no time getting a stay order from the Court of Appeals, but technical difficulties with the necessary arrest order kept Sheppard out of prison. He thanked his lawyer, joined some relatives at a motel,



JUDGE WEINMAN



JUDGE BLYTHIN

and held an impromptu press conference. Calm and smiling, he said he might like to work for the Peace Corps or a clinic in India. When a reporter remarked that he looked fit, he snapped bitterly: "I understand Dreyfus looked fit when he left Devil's Island."

A Prejudicial Press. According to Judge Weinman, Sheppard has much to be bitter about. In a stinging rebuke to the Cleveland press and Sheppard's trial judge, Weinman's 86-page decision termed the trial a "mockery of justice." The "inflammatory and prejudicial reporting" of all three Cleveland newspapers—the Cleveland Press, the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the Cleveland News (since purchased by the Press)—continually implied that Sheppard was guilty; one "cheap sob-sister editorial" in the Press, said the judge, "literally screamed" for his conviction. The papers kept running pictures of Trial Judge Edward Blythin (who was up for reelection) and gave him pointed advice on how to conduct the trial. Blythin,

wrote Weinman, should have ordered a change of venue; instead, he handed over most of the courtroom to the press. "If ever there was a trial by newspapers," he said, "this was a perfect example. Public officials, the courts and the jury are unable to perform their proper functions when the news media run rampant, with no regard for their proper role. Freedom of the press cannot be permitted to overshadow the rights of an individual to a fair trial."

Blythin showed clearly that he was prejudiced against the defendant, Weinman concluded, and he should have disqualified himself. While the trial was under way, the presiding judge confided to Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, among others, that Sheppard was "guilty as



SHEPPARD & FIANCÉE
Dreyfus was also fit.

hell." Contrary to settled law, he allowed the Cleveland police to testify that Sheppard had refused to take a lie-detector test, then failed to instruct the jury that they should disregard this testimony in their decision. Finally, even while the jurors were deliberating, they were allowed to phone their friends. No court official knew what was said.

Hazard of Retrial. During a decade of legal maneuvering, Sheppard's lawyers tried a variety of appeals. They brought up claims of new evidence, argued that their client's rights had been violated, said that there had been judicial error. But not until they had exhausted all possible remedies in the state courts were they free to bring a habeas corpus proceeding in a federal court. But even this successful petition leaves the doctor's legal battles far from over.

For all his thorough review of the case, Judge Weinman was careful to point out that the one thing he was not considering was the question of Sheppard's guilt or innocence. At week's end, Sheppard went to Chicago, married Mrs. Ariane Tebbenjohanns, a German divorcee, whom he first met by corre-

spondence while he was in prison. The honeymoon may be brief. A hearing on the stay order is scheduled for this week and Sheppard may have to face a retrial, if Cuyahoga County Prosecutor John T. Corrigan can rebuild the case against him.

Fear of High Places

Off and on through his two trials for perjury and obstruction of justice, Lawyer Roy Cohn kept complaining that people in "high places" (meaning mainly Old Enemy Bobby Kennedy) were "out to get him." They didn't. Last week Senator Joe McCarthy's former committee counsel was acquitted on all counts in Federal District Court in Manhattan. The jury did not buy the Government claim that Cohn had tried to quash an indictment against some stock swindlers and later lied about his activities to a grand jury.

Cohn's acquittal may be cited by some lawyers to show why prosecutors mortally fear mistrials. After the first courtroom conflict last April, the jury was on the verge of convicting Cohn when the father of one of the jurors suddenly died. The judge excused the juror; as a result, the trial turned into a mistrial (TIME, May 1).

The Government moved for a speedy return to court, but haste was no help. The prosecution had already sprung its surprises; now the defense was doubly prepared. As a result, the second trial was essentially a rerun of the first, with the same cast of characters (though the witnesses appeared in different order); the same charges and countercharges were rebashed in infinite detail. The first time the jury was out for four days; this time they took only nine hours.

His second time before the bar, Roy Cohn got another break. Unlike Sam Sheppard (see above), he never had to worry about an overzealous and unfriendly press. Reporters rarely got near him. At the outset of the trial, Judge Dudley Bonsal warned jurors to avoid reading controversial stories about Cohn and not to see *Point of Order*, the documentary film on the Army-McCarthy hearings in which Cohn starred. Judge Bonsal refused to let newsmen into the well of the court during recess to talk to witnesses or counsel, and he scolded those papers that printed the names of the jurors. Cohn hardly got a front-page headline until the day he was acquitted.

APPEALS

Desegregating the Jury Box

If the law of averages prevailed, the racial composition of juries in Sumter County, Ga., would be three-fourths white and one-fourth Negro. The two races are represented in just about that proportion on the county's tax rolls, from which jury panels are drawn. But rarely in modern times has a Negro served on a jury in Sumter County,

Westinghouse
lamps can
(among
other things)...



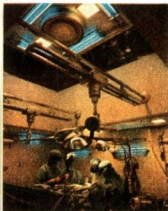
Warm the outdoors



Ease aches and pains



Cut and join metals



Kill germs



Grow plants



Cook food



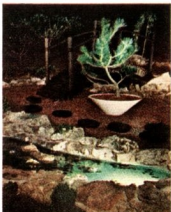
Protect property



Search the ocean depths



Guide aircraft



Accent your garden



Light your home

A new bulb for the home that lasts hundreds of hours longer is the latest member of the big Westinghouse lamp family. The New Shape bulb gives hundreds of hours of extra life over published average life of

household bulbs. And glare-free, eye-saving light, too.

It's the first styling change in light bulbs in more than 30 years.

Lamp improvements like this, new types

of lighting, even whole new sources of light, are developed at Westinghouse as soon as a need is known. Sometimes sooner.

That's why we offer more than 6000 kinds of lamps today.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse



■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*





BFG puts the brakes on fast-movers, people-movers, earth-movers

If you had to drive an airport crash truck as fast as it could go. Or maneuver the largest rubber-tired passenger vehicle ever built. Or jockey the world's biggest wheeled loader up hill and down dale. If you had to do these things, you'd want the safest, surest brakes you could get.

And that's exactly what American LaFrance, Chrysler Corporation and Caterpillar Tractor got when they put B.F. Goodrich Hi-Torque brakes on the equipment pictured here. Hi-Torque brakes are ideal for heavy vehicles. No ordinary brakes can stop a fire engine so fast. No ordinary brakes could take the frequent braking required to position the Dulles Airport Mobile Lounges. No ordinary brakes can control earthmoving equipment with such aplomb.

The idea for the Hi-Torque design came from the full-circle brakes we developed for airplanes. Instead of having

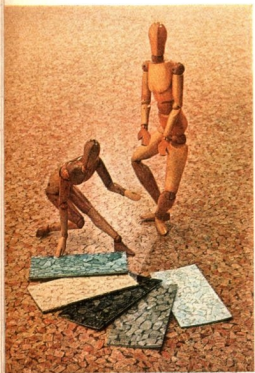
just two shoes to provide stopping power, B.F. Goodrich Hi-Torque brakes have 10 to 12 shoes which apply pressure equally all the way around the brake drum. As a result, they have twice the stopping power of conventional brakes. They're equally effective in forward and reverse. They don't fade. Don't pull. Don't give way when you need them most.

The development of Hi-Torque brakes is another example of BFG's dedication to problem-solving and product improvement. Putting rubber, plastics, metals or textiles to work to help make your business better is the business of B.F. Goodrich. If we can

help you, please write the President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio 44318.



Four ways of looking at a Montina Vinyl Corlon floor

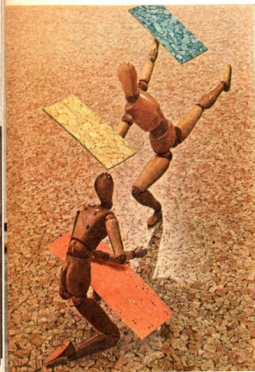


Logically

Not all vinyl floors are Montina Corlon, but all Montina Corlon floors are vinyl. Montina comes in many colorings; the probability of your liking at least one is overwhelming. It's made of small vinyl chips, set in deep translucent vinyl. Ergo, it has surface texture.

Aesthetically

Montina's stone-like vinyl chips form dynamic, abstract patterns which visually ebb and flow. The interplay of colors in Montina is rich and varied: each chip is veined with several colors, with one dominant.

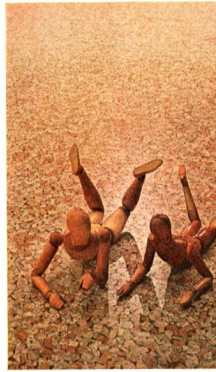


Objectively

The following facts about Montina were fed to a computer: 1. Montina resembles a pebbled beach. 2. It has nubly surface texture that can be seen and felt. 3. It has depth. 4. Montina makes an almost seamless floor, wall to wall. The computer answered: "I like it. I like it. I like it."

Subjectively

With a little time to concentrate, it should not be hard for you to imagine a Montina Corlon floor in your home. It will enhance your furnishings, whatever their style. For a free sample, write Armstrong, 6407 Fulton St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Style shown, 86702, with samples of other colorings. Montina® and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

Montina Corlon is one of the famous

Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

where even the tax rolls are segregated: the names of white and Negro taxpayers are separately registered. By order of the Georgia Court of Appeals, the law of averages now prevails along with the law of Georgia in the selection of Sumter County juries.

Local Precedent. Ironically, the decision was handed down in the case of a white defendant convicted by an all-white jury in Americus, the county seat. Arrested during civil rights demonstrations there last August, Ralph W. Allen, a student from Connecticut's Trinity College, was first charged with inciting an insurrection, a capital offense in Georgia. But before Allen could be tried, the state's insurrection law was held unconstitutional by a federal court (TIME, Nov. 8). On the testimony of an Americus policeman who claimed that Allen threw a bottle at him, the 22-year-old civil rights worker was brought to trial instead on a charge of assault with intent to murder. The all-white jury convicted him, and he was sentenced to two years.

The appeals court's opinion upholding Allen did not rest entirely on the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which has long been held to bar racial discrimination in jury selection. Nor did it rely on the now familiar civil rights argument that a white man who came to the South to register Negro voters might get something other than dispassionate justice from an all-white Southern jury. This time the court also invoked Georgia precedent. Since 1882, it has been a felony in that state to exclude citizens from jury duty on the basis of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

Fresh Spelling. For all its significance, the new decision was not likely to pack Georgia jury boxes with Negroes. Almost no one down South wants them there, not even some Negro defendants, who seem to suspect that they will surely get unduly harsh justice from Negro jurors leaning over backward to suppress a natural sympathy for their race. Nor does the decision go so far as to order jury service for Negroes. "The test," says Presiding Appeals Court Judge Horace E. Nichols, "is not whether any Negroes are actually on a jury. It is whether they are on the jury panel, available for jury duty, and, if so, whether they are discriminated against."

But the appeals court decision was likely to have an impact in many another state, and it was certain to desegregate the jury-picking system all over Georgia, as the state's courts hastened to obey an old mandate freshly spelled out. "It would be prohibitive from a financial standpoint not to," says Judge Nichols. "Their decisions would be reversed, and have to be re-heard, every time." That was just what happened in Sumter County, where Civil Rights Worker Ralph Allen will almost certainly be tried again—this time by a legally correct jury.



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Exhilarating!
Masculine!**



*...that's the way it is with the man
who uses Old Spice After Shave Lotion / 1.25 and 2.00*

SHULTON

MEDICINE

UROLOGY

Keeping the Filters Working

The victims of kidney disease who make headlines are those whose kidney breakdown is so bad that they need the most dramatic and resourceful treatment—the use of an artificial kidney, or, most daring of all, a kidney transplant. But in all the world probably no more than 300 renal-disease patients have had transplants. In the entire U.S., patients being kept alive with an artificial kidney number hardly more than 50.

But in their less spectacular form, kidney diseases are among the most common causes of illness and death. Most patients recover, but each year in the U.S. 45,000 die of insufficient kidney function. Dr. E. Hugh Luckey, physician-in-chief at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, cited this somber statistic as introduction to a pair of hour-long seminars on renal diseases broadcast by New York's educational WNYC-TV Channel 31. Sponsored by the New York Academy of Medicine, the programs gave general practitioners and internists the latest word on diagnosis and treatment—much of it new knowledge gained since most of them got out of medical school.

Micrometer Precision. About as big as its owner's fist, the human kidney is a biochemical filter with incredibly delicate powers of discrimination. It is also a prodigious worker (see diagram, left). All the water that anyone consumes in food or drink must go into the blood and be extracted by the kidneys before it can be voided as urine—contrary to the beer drinker's cliché "It goes right through you." Kidneys also work fast: the malodorous sulphur compound in asparagus is extracted and be-

gins to be excreted in a couple of hours.

Each kidney contains a million filtration units called nephrons. Each nephron is made up of a tuft of microscopic blood vessels, called a glomerulus, and each of these has a minute tubule attached (see diagram, right). When blood flows into the glomeruli and around the tubules, one-fifth of its water content is led aside for finer filtration. One hundredth part of this is extracted and passes eventually to the bladder.

The nephrons' job is to let only water and waste chemicals get through; they must hold all red cells, white cells and platelets in the channels that lead back to the bloodstream. At the same time, with micrometer precision, they must also hold back big molecules, such as those of albumin, but must let pass the smaller molecules of the body's waste products. If blood appears in the urine, it is a sign that the kidneys are diseased or injured. If the urine is too weak or watery, it means that the kidneys are not filtering out enough wastes.

Many things can go wrong with so complex and delicate a piece of machinery, and most kidney diseases have forbiddingly polysyllabic names. The majority of them end in -itis, meaning that the affected part of the kidney is inflamed. The others end in -osis, meaning that there is something wrong and that it is not inflammation, but beyond that the doctors are stumped.

Immune Reaction. One of the common types of kidney disease, said Cornell's Dr. David D. Thompson, is inflammation of the filtering system itself, called glomerulonephritis. Richard Bright, who died before Pasteur even suggested the microbial theory of infectious diseases, noted that many victims of this kidney disorder had recently recovered from scarlet fever. Now that scarlet fever is known to be caused by streptococci, said Dr. Thompson, physicians can predict an outbreak of nephritis after a scarlet-fever epidemic.

Just how the streptococci cause the kidney inflammation, however, is not yet known. It is not by direct infection. Likeliest explanation, said Dr. Thompson, is an immune reaction. The inflamed kidneys take weeks or months to return to normal. Children are more likely than adults to develop nephritis. But 90% of children, as against only 50% of adults, recover completely.

Perhaps the most common of all kidney infections, especially in women and children, is pyelitis—inflammation of the collecting basin in the middle of the kidney, where urine accumulates before it passes to the bladder. Since the inflammation usually involves other parts of the kidney as well, it is given the more inclusive name of pyelonephritis.

Any of several bacteria can cause pyelonephritis, but the worst offender is the colon bacillus. In women, infection is often precipitated by pregnancy; in men, by a kidney stone or prostate trou-

ble. In many cases, pyelonephritis persists over many years. As the kidneys eventually lose their filtering efficiency, the patient may die of uremic poisoning.

Among the common forms of kidney disease that are not caused by inflammation is one that used to be called nephrosis, but is now labeled the nephrotic syndrome. Its origins are unknown, said Cornell's Dr. E. Lovell Becker, though sometimes it clearly follows an earlier kidney disease, or it is the result of an entirely different disease, such as diabetes. Even its course is impossible to predict. "The only thing certain," said Dr. Becker, "is that a fair number of these patients will go on to recover."

Any form of longstanding kidney disease results in the progressive destruction of nephrons, until there are too few left to filter the blood adequately. This is the stage traditionally known as Bright's disease, in which pyelonephritis may be indistinguishable from glomerulonephritis. Kidney diseases are so interrelated, Dr. Luckey noted, that a patient who has had any one of them is predisposed to infections that cause pyelonephritis.

Bed Rest for Some. Treatments are as varied as the forms of disease. In glomerulonephritis, a low-protein, low-salt diet, sometimes with sweet syrups and fat emulsions added, is often recommended. So is bed rest. Cortisone-type hormones do little good. Penicillin is no cure, but may be used to prevent recurrences in susceptible patients. Nephrotic syndrome patients, by contrast, usually get considerable benefit from cortisone; they, too, frequently need a low-salt diet—but with plenty of protein. And for them, bed rest is less important.

Many kidney patients drag on for years with a partial but permanent loss of filtration efficiency, punctuated by occasional flare-ups of more severe failure. At such times, they need a special diet, with a little food several times a day, and not the hospital's usual three, widely spaced meals, said Dr. Becker.

A NEPHRON

(Enlarged 110 times)

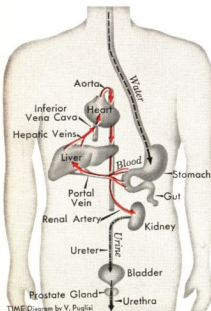
Wastes are filtered out as arterial blood flows through capillary tuft (glomerulus).

Urine flows toward bladder via tubule.

Kidney artery (with wastes)
Kidney vein (cleansed blood)

Other wastes removed here, some materials (salts) returned to blood.

TIME Diagram by R. M. Chaplin, Jr.



TIME Diagram by V. Puglisi

Ironically some of these patients are better off if they are not put to bed, but are kept on their feet.

Only for sharply defined crises, brought on by known poisons such as carbon tetrachloride and some drugs (especially barbiturates and those containing mercury or arsenic) did the Cornell panelists recommend use of the artificial kidney. Only after all else has failed, they said, should a kidney transplant even be considered.

NUTRITION

Why Fat People Keep Eating

Stomach contractions are generally unmistakable hunger signals to the stomach's owner. They are, that is, if the owner is a healthy man or woman in the normal weight range. Nature's built-in control mechanisms, reinforced by habit, are so strong that most people feel hungry three or four times a day, and when they do, they automatically eat the necessary amount of food. The trouble with most overweight men and women, say two Philadelphia researchers, is that their signaling system has somehow broken down. They feel hunger pangs, but they fail to get the message to take in food. As a paradoxical result, they eat more, and they eat more often.

University of Pennsylvania Psychiatrists Dr. Albert Stunkard and Dr. Charles Koch made their experiments on test subjects who were grossly overweight. The women averaged 62% heavier than normal for their height and bone build, and one weighed almost three times what she should have. The men averaged 44% overweight, including one 600-pounder—a fourfold fatty. After a night without food and no breakfast, the volunteers swallowed a stomach tube with balloon attached. Every 15 minutes the doctors asked: "Are you hungry? Does your stomach feel empty? Do you want to eat?" Normal subjects, tested for comparison, felt hungry whenever the pressure in the balloon showed they were having stomach contractions. Not the obese patients. Overweight women rarely admitted that they felt hungry, even when their stomachs said they should, the doctors report in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*. Overweight men said they felt hungry nearly all the time, even when their stomach pressure said they shouldn't.

The reason the obese subjects did not respond normally and automatically to the stomach's signals, say the psychiatrists, could probably be traced to deep emotional problems. Eating had become, for them, "a matter of conscious and desperate choice at meal after meal." Many admitted that it had been years since they could trust their senses as to how much to eat. So they ate heavily and did not know when to stop. All of which points up a new problem: how to retrain these fat people to eat on signal—and only on signal.



TAKING ECG AT HOME
Now for \$1 a heart.

DIAGNOSIS

Let Me Dial Your Cardiogram

Although millions of Americans have electrocardiograms done every year, the overall procedure is still cumbersome and costly. If the patient is not already in a hospital, he usually has to go there or to a doctor's office. If there is the slightest suspicion of an abnormality in his ECG, the squiggly lines on ruled paper must be interpreted by an expert cardiologist, whose eyes are understandably bleary at day's end. ECGs taken under standard conditions cost \$10 to \$15.

Now, with the aid of a portable electrocardiograph, some special telephone equipment and a computer, the U.S. Public Health Service is testing a technique that will allow ECGs to be taken routinely in patients' homes and analyzed within seconds by an electronic brain—all for \$1 a heart.

Ten-Second Signals. The procedure was tested last week in home calls by nurses from the Alexandria, Va., Health Department carrying a nine-pound portable cardiograph, the size and shape of a small tape recorder. After a routine check on the patient's health, the nurse pulls four wires out of the Honeywell Cardioview box, and tapes the attached electrodes to the patient's arms and legs. Next, she picks up the patient's phone and dials a number. When she hears an answering signal, she gives the department's code number for this patient. Without another word, she shoves the telephone mouthpiece into the receptacle of a Bell Dataphone attached to the cardiograph. Then she throws a switch.

The minute electrical currents in the patient's skin, reflecting the motions of his heart, are picked up by the cardiograph. In the Dataphone they are amplified and converted into high-frequency signals for clear transmission. At the other end of the line, in an engineer-

ing laboratory at George Washington University, a receiver automatically switches on a tape recorder when the nurse's call comes in. The recorder dutifully notes the squeaky sounds it receives as the nurse transmits a ten-second signal from each of the cardiograph leads.

The receiver at G.W. shuts itself off when the nurse hangs up the phone, but then more significant electrical wizardry takes over. The recorded tape is fed into a desk-size computer developed for the PHS's Heart Disease Control Program. The computer "listens" to as much of the ten-second recording from each lead as it needs to get the pattern, and shows the patient's heart currents on an oscilloscope screen. It also reduces them to electrical impulses on a numbered scale that it stores in its memory.

A physician, using his long, specialized experience in reading ECGs, can interpret the squiggled paper from the nurse's Cardioview if an abnormality is suspected. The computer, with its electronic brain, interprets the impulse scale in a fraction of a second, and it does this superhuman job accurately enough to show instantly whether there is any ECG abnormality.

Possibilities for Prevention. The possibilities that home ECGs will open up for preventive medicine are enormous. But even more important, in the imaginative view of PHS's Dr. Cesar Caceres, are possibilities for automating and computerizing half a dozen other tests which cannot yet be given routinely. The most obvious example is an electroencephalogram, or brain-wave recording. But there is virtually no limit to the capabilities of the Dataphone-computer combination. It can be adapted to measure and record muscle strength, the efficiency of air exchange in the lungs, and even make something scientifically precise of the crude knee-jerk reflex test.

SCIENCE

CARTOGRAPHY

The Moon: Rougher than You Think

Viewed with the naked eye or the world's biggest telescope, the moon looks flat. Because of its great distance, the sharpest irregularities on its surface show only because of the shadows that they cast in slanting sunlight. But the moon is more rugged than Afghanistan: when earthly astronauts land there, they will need the best possible contour maps to guide them through the precipitous mountains that hide just over the lunar horizon. Last week NASA's moon pioneers were beginning to plot their first explorations, using an entirely new set of maps made by the Army Corps of Engineers that shows the jagged surface in astonishing detail.

Better Than Shadows. For Chief Cartographer Albert L. Nowicki of the Army Map Service, the traditional method of measuring lunar mountains by their shadows is not accurate enough. It works well only in the center of the moon's visible disk; off toward the edges it fades into uselessness. So the Army has turned to stereo photomapping in order to take advantage of the fact that the moon wobbles slightly but predictably at intervals of 3½ to seven years as it orbits the earth. This means that pictures taken of the moon at different times are like pictures taken of earthly objects from different directions. By careful triangulation and infinitely detailed examination, the differences in the photographs can be used to measure distances and altitudes.

To get the most valuable angle-shots, the Army's mappers visited observatories in the U.S. and Europe, collected more than 4,000 pictures dating as far back as 1890 and showing the moon at different stages of wobble. By intricate calculation they were able to deduce lunar elevations from slight differences in matched pairs of photographs. Only

a few years ago the job would have taken too long to be practical, but the Army's Honeywell computer raced headlong through thousands of bristling equations. Gradually the map of the moon's visible disk, which has just about the same area as North America, filled with measured mountains and crater rims.

Arbitrary Altitude. The moon has no sea level to use as base elevation (its so-called seas are waterless plains), so Nowicki selected Mösting A, an easily identified crater near the center of the disk and gave the bottom of its crater the arbitrary altitude of 7,000 meters (23,000 ft.) to serve as reference for all other elevations. The finished map, which is 4.5 ft. in diameter, includes more than 5,000 surface features, giving elevations in hundreds of meters. One version of the map shows high and low areas in colors: the highest mountains (14,000 meters) are light yellow, the lowest depressions (3,000 meters) dark blue. The chromatic result looks like a scientific contribution to the highly unscientific field of abstract art.

Even while it was still incomplete, NASA engineers were using the new map as a basis for lifelike plastic models of the moon. One of the models is a sphere 20 ft. in diameter that will show the moon as it will be seen from an approaching space ship hundreds of miles away. Others are molded models showing a central section of the disk as an astronaut will see it while he drops ever closer. When astronauts go into training for an actual moon touchdown, they will sit in a practice landing capsule rigged to behave like a real one and sight in on a model through TV cameras. Under varied lighting conditions set up to simulate the sharp dark shadows of the airless lunar surface, they will steer themselves toward the spot on the practice moon that has been selected as the safest landing place.



LUNAR MODEL CLOSEUP
Aiming for the safest touchdown.



PLASTIC ARMOR
Warding off slow bullets.

TECHNOLOGY

Antiriot Weapons

Most scientific contributions to military technology are aimed at future war, a far-off, fast-racing conflict between supersonic bombers, atom-armed missiles and man-carrying spacecraft. But more mundane problems have not been neglected by the men in laboratories. With none of the rocket-booster publicity that swirls around multimillion-dollar projects, technicians are busily turning out new weapons to use on such nasty contemporary difficulties as riots at home and small-scale insurrection abroad. Behind all these devices is the concept of "necessary minimum force," which means no more power than is necessary to disperse rioters without killing them or inflicting wounds that will arouse sympathy. Some samples, as described by Lieut. Colonel Rex Applegate, U.S.A. (ret.), in the military magazine *Ordnance*:

- **ELECTRICITY.** Charged car bodies are a natural outgrowth of the cattle prods already popular in law-and-order circles. All persons touching the electrified car or touched by it will get painful shocks. Occupants of the car will be immune. A further extension of antiriot electronics is an electrified water stream that deals out high-voltage shocks to anyone it hits. "Ranges up to 150 ft.," says the colonel, "are considered possible."
- **NOISE.** Electronic racket raisers, says the colonel, "will project high-intensity, variable-pitch sounds, blatting, shrieking noises, etc., in such volume that they will be almost intolerable to the human ear." Another promising device: "A revolving, car-roof-mounted, flashing spotlight of such brilliance that it will temporarily affect the vision of rioters."
- **ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT.** After a riot has been quelled, invisible particles that have been sprayed on the mob "will

A close-up photograph of a person's hand reaching for a black control knob on a highly reflective, metallic surface. The surface is covered with numerous other similar knobs, some of which are illuminated with a bright red light, creating a bokeh effect in the background. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows, emphasizing the texture of the metal and the hand.

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What the automotive industry needs,
TRW delivers

Because they're light but tough, you'll find our Impact-Forged aluminum pistons in many racing cars. This year at Indianapolis, they were in cars finishing 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10. (They took win, place and show in the Daytona "500", too.) They're in trucks, marine engines and other heavy-duty applications—and, more and more, in automobiles. They'll be original equipment in eight '65 passenger cars, so our automated production lines are now making these pistons in volume. Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc., Cleveland, Ohio—a corporation diversified in the automotive, aerospace and electronics fields.

TRW AUTOMOTIVE DIVISIONS
THOMPSON RAMO WOOLDRIDGE INC.

show up when police, using special scanners, interrogate people at identification checkpoints, and will thus enable them to identify mob participants."

- **ARMOR.** A new vest of overlapping plastic plates covers all vital body areas and weighs only 4 lbs. It protects against all thrown objects, grenade and mortar fragments, and bullets moving slower than 1,000 ft. per sec. (which includes a wide variety of small-arms fire from anything but point-blank distance). Men who wear it, says Colonel Applegate, are much more willing to "close": they will perform countermob duties more aggressively.

- **SMOKE.** "Under favorable wind conditions," says the colonel, "demonstrations can be inundated with white, non-toxic, nonstaining, obscuring smoke. The effect is both tactical and psychological. Vision is obscured, sense of direction is lost, and mob unity is destroyed. These advantages are coupled with a harmless throat irritation that induces coughing and causes the individuals affected to leave the area with little desire to return."

- **DRUGS.** Tranquilizing gas, says Colonel Applegate, will some day be used to calm combative rioters, and dart-injected soporifics will put them to sleep. He concedes that such weapons are still too dangerous to be included in a prudent arsenal of necessary minimum force.

OCEANOLOGY

Underwater Waves Make Underwater Weather

After years of patient probing, oceanographers still have only the sketchiest notions about the shape of the drowned, undersea landscape that makes up 70% of the earth's crust. They know even less about undersea "weather"—the currents, eddies and swift temperature changes that sweep across the ocean bottom like winds and storms on land. Not until Columbia University's Hudson Laboratories announced the first direct measurements of deep waves, could oceanographers be sure that the great, lazy surges actually exist.

The latest contribution to submarine meteorology was made by modified Swallow buoys,* which are 13-inch aluminum spheres ballasted to sink until they reach water of a selected density. Crammed with apparatus that reports its observations with sonic pings, the buoys can be followed accurately through the depths. They can communicate with each other and measure their distance apart; they can be instructed by a coded sonic signal and told when to drop ballast, rise to the surface, and call by radio for pickup.

Slow Surge. When Columbia's Dr. Theodore Pochapsky tossed his first buoys into the Caribbean, his calculations

told him that they would move evenly with the deep-down currents, but to his surprise they were tossed by unseen waves. "Instead of remaining at a constant level," he says, "they bobbed incessantly in regular up-and-down swings of about ten feet." As the oceanographers looked farther, they also found submarine surges deep in the Atlantic east of Bermuda and as far south as the equator. All of them moved only fractions of a mile per hour.

The deep-down waves are vertical fluctuations similar to surface waves, but instead of rolling across the sharp interface between wind and water, they travel in transitional zones between water layers of different density. No one knows what causes them. It may be the turbulence of bottom currents flowing over ridges and valleys of the sea bed; there may be a connection with



OCEANOGRAPHER POCHAPSKY
Toward submarine meteorology.

the rotation of the earth. Some of Dr. Pochapsky's buoys rose and fell 100 ft. twice a day, although the surface far above them moved very little with the tides.

High Hopes. Fascinated by the submarine waves, which must surely be important to marine life as well as to man's undersea warfare, Columbia's researchers are now pursuing them with more observant buoys that report temperature and pressure as well as movement. "It will be interesting to see what sort of underwater breakers form when internal waves 100 ft. high hit the continental shelf 50 miles away from our Eastern coast," says Dr. Pochapsky. He has high hopes that such studies will mark a significant advance in the infant science of submarine meteorology, which may some day learn to forecast the changes of underwater weather, and may someday use such knowledge to help forecast weather above the surface.

looking for length?

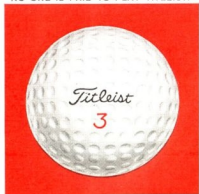
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* Originally invented by British Oceanographer John C. Swallow.



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Today, more than ever, the world needs curious people eager to learn. That's why Shell supports a broad program of aid to education, which includes scholarships for outstanding students, research grants to universities, and Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

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Freedom and encouragement for well-trained minds at work are moving forces in Shell's ceaseless pursuit of excellence—of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better. *The Shell Companies; Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell PipeLine Corporation; Shell Development Company.*



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

EDUCATION



VOLUNTEER DANFORTH & PUPIL

The children get to like people who enjoy learning.

TEACHING

Tutor Corps

In one chair sits a senior from a suburban high school, full of new-know-how in math, afire with the impulse to do something "meaningful." In the next chair sits a small slum kid, who flunked arithmetic in his big and unruly second-grade class last year. The kid needs some of what the senior has, and he's getting it. Such, in essence, is tutoring, this summer's nationwide channel for student idealism.

Few high school students are skilled teachers; few could handle a class. But face-to-face with one or two students, the young tutors find that they can readily impart knowledge, enthusiasm for learning and—by their presence—a model of scholastic achievement.

"**Won & One.**" This week tutoring projects, variously combining slum children of many scholastic shortcomings with tutors ranging in age up to young housewives, are in full cry everywhere from Boston's Chestnut Hill to Northwestern University to San Francisco, Cleveland's "Summer '64 Tutor Corps" is probably the nation's most effective application of the idea. There 535 high school students are tutoring without pay in 62 locations around the city. More than half of the tutors (average age: 17) are girls, and each tutor works about 15 hours a week under paid supervisors from Cleveland's school system. Sessions, which usually last an hour and a half, are held in Y.M.C.A.s, libraries, churches, civic clubs and community centers.

At East End Neighborhood House, where 14 pupils sit down at small tables around a large room, the atmosphere is casual but quiet. Each tutor has developed her own teaching methods. At one table a white boy and a Negro girl, with a tutor, play a game of homonyms, thinking up and writing down

such words as "knew and new," "won and one," "two and too." At another table a tutor helps a boy with flash cards to increase his word-recognition speed.

Barbara Danforth, 15, a Negro girl in the academically talented group at John Adams High School, helps to test a white boy in reading comprehension. Richard Malitz, 16, an eleventh-grade student at Shaker Heights High School who admits that he is "pretty good" in math and science, tests himself. "I think I want to be an engineer," he says, "but I wanted to try tutoring to see if I'd be fit for teaching instead."

Teachers & Companions. All the children call their tutors by their first names. There is no discipline problem because the kids are excited at the notion of having high school students as their teachers and companions. One boy, shy and withdrawn, had trouble with arithmetic. For a week his tutor could make no progress with him; then one day the kid came in with a sheet

of arithmetic problems he had found somewhere and worked out by himself.

"The children get to know and like high school people who enjoy learning, and we feel that this is important in raising their educational sights," says Mrs. Mary Stevens, East End Neighborhood House supervisor. "We hope this change in attitude will carry over when they return to their schools."

Volunteers & Requests. Cleveland's Tutor Corps was established by former Peace Corpsman Robert B. Binswanger, 34. After meeting Cleveland parent and teacher groups, chapters of high school honor societies and student councils, he concluded that tutoring was feasible, got \$20,000 from the Jennings Foundation. He received requests for help for 5,000 youngsters from 98 of Cleveland's elementary schools. Applications to work as tutors came from every Cleveland high school, prep school and parochial school, each prospective tutor being recommended by a school official on the basis of academic achievement.

"I was anxious to prove that high school students are capable of performing a valuable social and educational service if given the chance," says Binswanger. "It would also give a lot of potential teachers an opportunity to see that the real excitement in teaching is in the city—that it is not to be found in the green fields of suburbia." Supervisors report that kids sit outside after sessions discussing what their tutors are wearing, how they speak, what their interests are. Says Binswanger: "The reason this program is good is that the children are made acutely aware that there is somebody who cares."

Hunt, Peck & Read

Much waggish speculation has been devoted to how long it would take a dozen apes locked in a room with a dozen typewriters to reproduce the complete works of William Shakespeare. The germ of thought back of this idea is that typewriters have an elemental fascination and pedagogical possibilities. Rut-



TYPEWRITER TEACHER & PUPIL

The machine prints a letter and murmurs confirmation.

gers Psychology Professor Omar Khayyam Moore decided a few years ago to try teaching children to read using an electric typewriter.

In Moore's first experiment, a teacher sitting next to the child repeated the names of the letters as the child typed them at random. Soon the child was able to understand the relationship between the letters on the typewriter keys and their spoken names. Theoretically, simple words and short sentences were to follow. But teachers are human, and some of the children quickly learned how to drive them mad. One young boy, drunk with power, hit the asterisk key on his machine 75 times before the ill-starred teacher, who had been repeating "asterisk, asterisk, asterisk," finally cried uncle.

Transistorized Patience. To preserve the sanity of his teachers, and to carry his teaching system a big step forward, Moore presented the project to Thomas A. Edison Research Laboratory in West Orange, N.J. The firm finally developed a child-proof teaching typewriter, complete with transistorized patience. This year the public schools of Freeport, Long Island, started testing the new machines by setting 22 kindergartners before computerized typewriters to learn to read, while another group of 22 children set about learning by conventional methods.

Each electronic learner had daily half-hour sessions in an isolation booth outfitted with one of the devices. First he was allowed to noodle on the keyboard, pressing keys at random; each time he hit a key, the corresponding letter materialized two ways: typed jumbo-size on the paper in the machine and spoken by a recorded voice. After two or three sessions, the recorded voice began to assume more authority: instead of repeating letters as they were struck, it started to dictate them to the pupil. All keys on the typewriter locked except for the demanded letter, and the child had no choice but to learn it by name.

Touch-Typing Too. Next step was whole words. The machine pointed a red arrow to the first letter of the word "tree," for example, while the child located the letter "t" on the typewriter. When the letter was successfully hunted and pecked, the recorded voice murmured a confirming "t," and the arrow moved on. To make the whole thing more like a game, a colored photo of a tree stayed lighted until the child spelled the word. Words led to sentences, sentences to whole stories, and the learning-to-read process was complete.

Two of the \$30,000 Edison Responsive Environment machines were used in Freeport. It turned out that the typewriter-taught scholars were reading nearly two months sooner than their friends. A dividend: since the typewriter keys are coded in eight colors, and the children's fingernails are painted in corresponding colors in their initial sessions with the machine, the kids learn touch-typing while learning to read.

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THE CIVIC RESPONSIBILITIES—or lack of them—of businessmen are being discussed increasingly in business publications and in various association groups. Most of this discussion is apparently concerned with the pros and cons of participation in politics by top management men, and this is good, of course. But there is another aspect which also seems extremely important. That is the positive encouragement of political or civic activity on the part of middle management men—in fact, of people at every level of responsibility.

Some companies may not be in favor of this on the grounds that such outside activities are almost bound to take some company time. This is true, and it is a consideration—but there are also important compensating advantages to the company, as well as the obvious benefits to the community.

It follows naturally that when you make a community a better place in which to live, you have happier employees, better workers, more efficiency, less turnover. Participation in community affairs by company people creates a better local feeling about the company as a good place to work, to sell, or to buy. These are pretty direct company benefits, but there are indirect advantages, too, in terms of executive development.

The company man who participates in community affairs gets very practical experience in organizing and administering programs, in human relations, in the give-and-take of committee work. All of this can't help but give him added stature and make him a more effective man for the company.

Recently we made an informal survey of the degree to which the general managers of our twenty-eight plants are active in the affairs of their communities. All of these men are actively serving on committees or as officers of civic organizations at an average rate of three or more per man.

We feel that this is good for everyone involved—the communities, the men, and the company.

Speaking of vocational training and guidance, as we were a few months ago, reminds us of a most unusual project in which some of our Rockwell Porter-Cable power tools were used. It seems that an enterprising carpentry instructor at a northern New York state high school decided his students needed a really practical project. And so, with the help of a local service club and several contractors, the boys built a house! In addition to learning a great deal about the realistic aspects of building something worthwhile, the students also learned a great deal about the satisfaction that comes from completing a major project—a two bedroom ranch-type house. Already it has been decided that proceeds from this project will go toward a split-level dwelling next year.

On the face of it, scholarship funds and taxidrivers would appear to be an unusual combination. Fortunately, it didn't seem at all strange to a Massachusetts cab driver*, who is this year's first-prize winner in the Rockwell Public Service Awards competition sponsored by our Taximeter Division. This driver won for his efforts in launching a scholarship fund for cab driver's children. After three years, the Boston Taxi Industry Scholarship Fund is a substantial success with its own board of directors and scholarship selection committee.

*Herman Capitz, Cleary Taxi Association, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPORT

AUTO RACING

ird to Happiness
 on it comes to Fridays, Donald Campbell would rather not. As a Friday in 1960 on Utah's Salt Flats when he climbed a 4,250-h.p. *Bluebird* and became a prisoner as the rocketing auto out of control at 300 m.p.h., he really took off and sailed nearly to crash in a pile of junk. By miracle he escaped with minor injury and resumed his attempts to beat a 2-m.p.h. record set by fellow John Cobb in 1947. But underly, Campbell became intensely y. Campbell he decided, were days.
 ally, hardly any day has been quite a while. Determined to win the feat of his famed father, the fastest human and another gas-turbine *Bluebird*

ly, he turned around and blurred down the mile in less than 9 sec. again. When he came to a halt, the right rear tread was completely gone. So was the old record. Visibly shaking from the night-marish ride, Campbell heard the speed: 403.1 m.p.h.

It was the new official mark, but he was bitterly disappointed at not beating Californian Craig Breedlove, whose 407.4 m.p.h. is unofficial because none of the three wheels on his jet-powered craft is directly driven by the engine. Campbell thinks his *Bluebird* can top 450 m.p.h., and he plans to try again soon. Maybe even on a Friday.

YACHTING

"Beat the Bird"

On the foredeck of *Constellation* racing off Newport, R.I., last week, several crewmen had an urgent command magic-marked on their right knees: "Beat the Bird." That was about the

four rivals. In ten legs of windward work in the present series, she has gained a brisk total of 15 min. 24 sec. over her opponents; in 13 legs of off-the-wind sailing, her total gain has been 8 min. 59 sec., not quite so good but impressive enough.

The only boat that seems to stand a chance of plucking *Eagle's* tail feathers is *Constellation*, the other new twelve-meter. Under the command of Eric Ridder, *Constellation* lost her first three races against *Eagle*. But last week Relief Helmsman Bob Bavier, 46, a veteran blue-water sailor, took over, and *Constellation* led *Eagle* around the first two marks when the race was called on account of fog. On the strength of that performance, the *Eagle* eye is sure to be on *Constellation* in next month's final trials. But most of the experts are still giving the horse to Skipper Bill Cox.

HORSE RACING

The Shoshone Boy

Bobby Ussery is not a classy rider. He shifts around in the saddle, stretches too far forward, and arches too high off the horse. Fans of a bygone smoothy like Eddie Arcaro are appalled. "A real butcher on style," they say. Then they line up at the pari-mutuel windows to bet whatever horse has Ussery up.

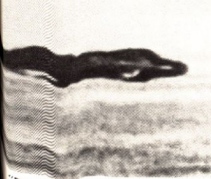
The thing is, the butcher wins—on all kinds of horses, on all kinds of tracks. "I try," he explains precisely, "to get my horse to the wire first." Fortnight ago, at New York's Aqueduct, Ussery booted home an astonishing five winners in seven mounts, followed this two days later with a triple. Last week he was a triple winner again, won seven other races, bringing his season's record on the country's toughest, most competitive track to 131, and making him undisputed top jock at the Big A. (Johnny Rotz, in second place, has only 79 wins.) Ussery has never won the Kentucky Derby. But day in and day out, one out of every four horses he rides triggers the winner's photo; one out of every two at least places or shows.

"Make 'em Win." Not too many years ago, other jockeys didn't want a horse Ussery had just ridden. Ussery maintains that 90% of the horses he rides don't really run to win. They dog it along the rail, or bear out wide to get away from the pounding pack. "You just have to make 'em win anyway," he says. And in the early days, for Ussery that often meant flogging and kicking a horse to the finish line by brute force. Rage and frustration still get the better of him once in a while. At Aqueduct one race last week, he had the lead at the three-quarter-mile mark, and then the horse went into a dead fade as the rest of the field tore by. Ussery was still fruitlessly, angrily whipping as he came in a long last.

But at 28, Ussery has learned to use tactics as well as tack. No jockey is shrewder at rating a short-winded speed



CAMPBELL & WIFE AFTERWARD



"BLUEBIRD" BLURRING TO RECORD

One rear tread was gone.

operation to the dry salt Lake Eyre, South Australia. "A awful Aussie weather attempt at the land record the last three months, e better luck. When it e Lake Eyre, the wind it at 7 last Friday morn- was dry and the breezes ly safe 2 m.p.h. Every- right. Except Friday, d Campbell. Friday be

double-strapped into roared down the course st immediately in trou- seemed to be weaving; e salt the right rear ting rubber. Somehow, on blasted through the es than 9 sec. Quick-

hails the speed-heat record: in a jet-powered craft in

size of it. As the second series of America's Cup trials neared an end, anyone who hoped to defend the cup for the U.S. against Britain this September had to beat *American Eagle* and her brilliant skipper, Bill Cox. In six official races in the current series, the big new twelve-meter has defeated *Constellation* once, *Neferitti* once, *Columbia* twice, *Easterner* twice. Her overall record in the first two series of trials: twelve victories, no losses.

Any way the New York Yacht Club selection committee wanted to lay the mark, *Eagle* was the superior boat, her crew the better crew. Only three times all summer has Cox lost a start: on rapid-fire tacking duels, his smoothly clicking crewmen usually pick up two or three seconds per tack (Cox started out with an intercom system to issue commands, has now dispensed with it because everyone has hand signals down pat). Cox makes the boat point higher and foot faster than any of her



What you should know when you switch to cigar smoking

1. The correct way to light a cigar.

Use a match but don't touch it to the cigar. Hold the flame $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch away from the cigar and draw the flame to the cigar end. This method lights the end evenly and prevents fumes from entering the cigar and affecting the true taste.

2. You don't have to inhale to enjoy a cigar.

The big majority of cigar smokers find that the good taste of cigar tobacco comes to them without inhaling. That's because cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Cigar tobacco is *aged* for years to achieve its unique mildness and better taste.

3. How to add to your cigar smoking pleasure.

Smoking a cigar is a relaxing pleasure, not a nervous habit. You can enjoy a cigar anytime, but right after lunch or dinner is a particularly good time. Light one up. Puff slowly. Enjoy the aroma. Sit back and relax. It's all a part of cigar enjoyment. (Hint: Don't continually flick the ash off. A half inch or so of ash makes for cooler smoking.)

4. What shape of cigar to start with?

We recommend a White Owl Miniature. It's slim and easy to handle. It goes well with any shape of face. Later on you might choose a larger cigar. If so, White

Owl offers you a complete selection.

5. Why smoke a White Owl Miniature?

The White Owl Miniature is long enough to satisfy you completely, yet short enough to smoke when time is precious. The aroma is welcome in any social setting. Yes, a man can always smoke a White Owl Miniature. The tobaccos in the White Owl Miniature are aged to give you an unusual degree of mildness not found in other cigars. And, of course, there's the famous White Owl taste . . . the taste that has made White Owl a favorite of cigar smokers for generations.

6. Extra enjoyment among cigar smokers.

The conviviality of cigar smoking builds a bond between men. The Chinese called tobacco "the herb of amiability"—and cigars are *fine tobacco*. Cigars also have status. For centuries they have been the favorites of kings, presidents and prime ministers.

A word to women.

A good cigar can calm a man down, relax him, settle his thoughts, make your life more enjoyable. Cigars always make good presents for the man in your life. As John Galsworthy said, "By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls."

Pack of five—28¢



MINIATURES



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KARSH, OTTAWA



NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYOWNER. *The life insurance he owns with this company plays an important part in Mr. Pippin's plans for the future.*

*Three factors every dollar-minded
man should consider*

*by R. RUSSELL PIPPIN,
Vice President and Director of
the DuPont Company*

"WE ARE generally conditioned to believe the higher the price the greater the quality. But there are exceptions. In my own field, chemicals, it's possible to provide the highest quality at a very low cost indeed. A comparable field, I've learned, is life insurance. Here

it is significant to know the *net cost*, or more often the *net gain*.

"Three things determine this: (1) the total premiums you pay to the company; (2) the dividends you receive from the company; (3) the cash value of your policy—which is its appreciating worth at any point in time.

"To find net cost, all you do is subtract cash value and dividends from premiums paid to date. In contrast, if cash value and dividends exceed premiums paid, you have enjoyed a net gain.

"What I'm suggesting is that you evaluate a life insurance policy by comparing what you put in with what you can get out at any given time. Have your agent supply the guaranteed cash value figures and let him illustrate what high dividends can mean.

"This kind of a sensible look at personal financing is what I recommend. It allows you to see clearly what you're paying for protection and what kind of an investment you're actually making. If you don't have to guess, why do it!"

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company

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THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL is a "specialist" life insurance company. We offer life insurance only. By concentrating our efforts we are able to furnish a maximum amount of high quality personally underwritten life insurance for the least amount of money.

The selection of risks. Because of the generally excellent level of health of the people we insure, NML policyowners receive consistently high dividends through better mortality records.

Return on investments. Sound judgment by a staff of investment experts has earned NML an average net interest rate that, year after year, is among the best for all major life firms.

Cost of doing business. Although NML service levels are unsurpassed in the life insurance business, the portion of NML premiums used for operating expense is about half the average of the 14 other largest life insurance companies.

In short, Northwestern Mutual life insurance represents an unsurpassed combination of protection and investment. Your nearest NML agent is ready, willing and in the phone book.

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



USSERY AT THE TRACK
Down with college guys.

horse on the lead: few are more accomplished at sitting chilly on a stretch runner, picking the instant to make a move. And when it comes to a photo finish, he knows every trick in the book: flicking a horse gently under the chin to get its head up at the wire, dropping the reins to let the horse's neck stretch out. "I've matured," he says. "With my attitude real sour like it was before, it was no good. Now I'm relaxed when I ride. You get better results that way."

USSERY had reason to be sour as a boy in Vian, Okla. He and his four brothers, two sisters and mother lived on relief checks after his father left home. In the seventh grade, Robert USSERY, aged 13, dropped out and started pulling his own weight. He shined shoes in the winter, picked spinach in the summer—and grimly made up his mind to get shoes of his own and the kind of spinach you can spend. As soon as he figured out that 5 ft. 3 in. was as tall as he was going to be, he gave up the idea of basketball, and by 16 had his first winner at the track.

Coddies & Stories. In the 13 years since then, USSERY has ridden a long way. His income hovers around \$200,000 a year. The total earnings of his horses passed \$13 million last week, and this year he became one of the 15 winningest jockeys of all time. When he's not driving his gold '64 Pontiac Bonneville convertible, he drives his maroon '64 Coupe de Ville Caddy. He has two homes, one on Long Island and one in Palm Springs, Fla., where he lives with his wife and two children. And his stock portfolio numbers such blue chips as A. T. & T. and Reynolds Tobacco.

The hungry Okie has arrived. "I'm out to win, but not for blood," he says. Besides, there are other things to do, like some of the reading he didn't stay in school for. He just finished a short story last week. "It was about these two guys, a college boy and a shoeshine boy. The college boy had a pretty nice job somewhere, but the shoeshine boy saved his money and invested in some real estate. The college boy told him it



RELAXING BY THE POOL

wasn't a good investment. In the end, the shoeshine boy was worth a billion dollars, and the college guy was a waiter in some restaurant. It was one of the best stories I've ever read."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Scotland's Jimmy Clark, 28: the British and European Grand Prix with a record average 94.14 m.p.h. over the twisting 80-lap, 212-mi. course at Brands Hatch. In his green factory Lotus, Clark spurred into the lead at the start, was never headed and took the checkered flag just 2.8 sec. ahead of fellow Briton Graham Hill in a thrilling dice that saw the two zipping around nose to tailpipe for most of the race. The win, Clark's third in five Grands Prix so far, gave last year's world champion a total 30 points in the 1964 championship, four more than Hill.

► France's Jacques Anquetil, 30: the Tour de France bicycle race for an unparalleled fourth straight year, and his fifth win in eight years of competition. After 23 days on the grueling, 2,816-mi. course that snakes in and out of six countries, only 81 of 132 starters were still riding as the tour swung into the final 17-mi. dash for Paris. Anquetil had a bare 14-sec. lead over his closest pursuer, but then bike racing's reigning rajah turned it on and pumped across the finish line for a 55-sec. victory, slimmest margin in the race's 51 years.

► California's Mickey Wright, 29: the United States women's open golf title for a fourth time, at the San Diego Country Club. Forced into a playoff round with Ruth Jessen, Mighty Mickey boomed the ball around the 6,400-yd. course for a man-sized, three-under-par 70 and her seventh victory in twelve tournaments this year. Said her opponent: "I hate to lose, but there is some consolation in losing to the greatest woman golfer in the world."

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Cartago Amputanda Est

For the second time in 1,000 years, Roman Catholicism has closed up shop in the land that gave the church such great names as St. Cyprian of Carthage, Tertullian, the heretic Donatus, the virgin martyrs Perpetua and Felicity. Just concluded is a formal agreement between the Vatican and the government

Church. Paul has also established a new Secretariat for Non-Christian Religions, headed by Paolo Cardinal Marella of the Curia. In the past, the church has sometimes preferred noisy and heroic martyrdom rather than graceful surrender of ancient privileges. Now Rome, with Christian and Moslem Lebanon acting as intermediary, is trying to work out a "Tunisian formula" with Moslem-run Sudan, which this year abruptly



ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL IN TUNISIA
In place of ancient privileges, graceful surrender.

of predominantly Moslem Tunisia that calls for the surrender without compensation of all but seven of the country's 109 Catholic churches, including the vast Cathedral of St. Louis in Tunis. The government will have the right to veto appointments to the Archbishopric of Carthage, but in return guarantees freedom of religion for Catholics, including the right to maintain parochial schools.

A Sign of Colonialism. Christianity in North Africa goes back to the 2nd century; great councils of bishops were held in Carthage. In the 7th century, Moorish swordsmen swept unchecked across North Africa, and thriving Christian communities were gradually converted to the law of Mohammed. Pope Pius IX restored the Tunisian hierarchy following the French occupation in 1881, and after World War II the country's Catholic population reached a peak of 300,000, nearly all of them Europeans. Thanks to post-independence emigration, there are 45,000 Catholics left; the empty churches stand as a sign of the old colonialism—and the church's failure in making converts among the Moslem population.

The decision to seek an amicable solution of the Tunisian problem was an outgrowth of the new, flexible Vatican diplomacy inaugurated by Pope John XXIII and carried on by Paul VI in Hungary, where he is still seeking to work out a *modus vivendi* for the

exiled all of the country's Catholic and Protestant missionaries.

Sad Prospect. The Vatican daily L'Osservatore Romano said that the Tunisian settlement would open "a new era of cooperation between the Holy See and the Tunisian government," and that Rome had agreed to certain sacrifices "in a spirit of friendship toward a friendly people, with cordial esteem for the values of a rising nation." There was less joy in Tunisia. "Will we have Mass this Sunday?" one priest at the cathedral asked. "We don't know. But I do know this: the extent of the takeover has shocked Catholics here." They face the prospect of seeing their churches turned into museums, libraries or schools.

MARTYRS

Saviors of Honor

This week at services in Bonn and West Berlin, Julius Cardinal Döpfner of Munich and other German Christian leaders mark the 20th anniversary of the July 1944 plot against Hitler, which involved so many devout Christians that it has become the symbol of the *Ehrenretter*, the lay and clerical martyrs who tried to save the honor of Christianity in those dark years. Two of the martyrs appear on a new series of stamps issued by the Federal Republic, but there were many more—at least 112 Catholic priests and 22 Protestant ministers—who died in German prison camps, and

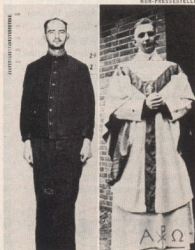
hundreds more were arrested for acts of protest against the Nazi regime.

"Auf Wiedersehen." In the early church, every community honored its own martyrology of local saints who had died for the faith—and similarly many towns in modern Germany have their heroes, many of them virtually unknown outside the country. Lübeck, for example, conducts interdenominational religious services every year honoring three Catholic priests, Edward Müller, Hermann Lange and Johannes Prassek, and an Evangelical pastor, Karl Friedrich Stellbrink. Arrested in 1942, the four men became good friends in prison and died together at Hamburg in November 1943.

For them, as for many of the martyrs, the old denominational hostilities crumpled before the reality of their common fate and common cause. "We are like brothers," Lange said of their relationship. And when Stellbrink stepped up to the guillotine, he told his Catholic companions: "*Auf Wiedersehen im Himmel.*" So close was their relationship that one Catholic priest has proposed that all four be presented to Rome for canonization.

Underground Divinity. Best known of the *Ehrenretter* is Evangelical Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the brilliant poet-theologian who conducted an underground divinity school for the Hitler-hating "Confessing Church," and was killed at a Bavarian prison shortly before its liberation by American troops. But Bonhoeffer's vivid, prophetic writing—outlining his dream of a "religionless Christianity" that would speak afresh to the modern secular world—is probably more important to young seminarians as a consequence of martyrdom.

Something of a cult has also grown around the memory of Father Alfred Delp, a sociologist who was arrested for joining a group of Protestant and Catholic intellectuals who met secretly at the home of Protestant Layman Helmuth



PRASSEK
Im Himmel, auf Wiedersehen.



DAVID GAHR

TAYLOR

In the ranks of the power people.



HAROLD LOWE JR.

THOMAS

von Moltke to plan for the reconstruction of post-Hitler Germany along Christian and democratic lines. Arrested after the failure of the plot against Hitler, Delp was hanged seven months later. Another saintly priest was Provost Bernhard Lichtenberg of Berlin, who was imprisoned and ultimately deported to Dachau after praying for the Jews at St. Hedwig's Cathedral.

"Moral Renewal." Honored in death, the German Christian martyrs had relatively little support from their fellow churchmen during their lives. Less than one-fourth of the country's Protestant ministers belonged to the Confessing Church; in 1945 the Evangelical hierarchy issued a formal statement of guilt, acknowledging the failure of all but a few to speak out against Hitler.

Nor did the Catholic Church do much better. In a new book called *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany*, Political Scientist Guenter Lewy of the University of Massachusetts argues persuasively that the opposition of the bishops to Hitler was limited to occasional protests against his violations of the concordat with the Vatican. "At no time," he concludes, "did the Church challenge the legitimacy of the Nazi regime or give her explicit or implicit approval to the various attempts to bring about its downfall. While thousands of anti-Nazis were beaten to a pulp in concentration camps, the Church talked of supporting the moral renewal brought about by the Hitler government."

METHODISTS

Negro Bishops for White Areas

The quandary at the Methodist General Conference in Pittsburgh last May was when and how to integrate the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction. Being separate-but-equal, the Central Jurisdiction gave position and status to Negro clergymen, some of whom feared loss of jobs and rank if it were abolished. The conference settled for giving white jurisdictions a leisurely four years to plan for the incorporation of Negro churches.

Now, faster than anyone foresaw, the dilemma is being solved—by giving the Negro clergymen more authority over white believers than men of their race have in any other Protestant church. By last week it was clear that outside

the Deep South the Central Jurisdiction will be absorbed long before 1968.

Integration in Dallas. Two regional Methodist conferences made ecclesiastical history a fortnight ago by naming Negro bishops to head predominantly white areas. In Cleveland, delegates to a Midwest meeting voted 370 to 0 to incorporate Negro churches and pastors, and assigned Bishop James S. Thomas, 45, to head the Iowa area. A native of South Carolina, Bishop Thomas will have headquarters in Des Moines, govern 300,000 Methodists, all but 500 of them white. A few days earlier, in the Northeast, white Methodists also accepted Negro churches into their jurisdiction and appointed Bishop Prince Taylor Jr. of Baltimore to head a newly created New Jersey district. He will govern more than 600 churches with 200,000 members, only about 5% of them Negro. Next year he will succeed New York's Bishop Lloyd Wicke as president of the 92-member Council of Methodist Bishops.

Methodist wheels are grinding slowly toward integration even in the South. At Dallas, the regional conference asked for integration, and called upon the Council of Bishops to provide a Negro bishop as soon as the goal is achieved. White Methodist ministers in Dallas helped elect the Rev. Zan W. Holmes Jr., a Negro, to the presidency of the interdenominational Dallas Pastors' Association. Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington will probably include three or four Negroes among twelve superintendents he will appoint next June.

Long Way to Go. "Methodism has taken an enormous leap forward," says the Rev. Ralph L. Roy, a leader of the reform-minded group called Methodists for Church Renewal, but "there is a long way to go." Most individual congregations remain segregated in practice, largely because of housing patterns. Moreover, few white churches are willing to accept a Negro pastor, and not many bishops seem ready yet to put their followers to that kind of test. Yet with Negroes joining the ranks of what Roy calls "the power people," that may soon change: "Where Negroes are bishops, they are the powers, the ones before whom ministers and congregations tremble."

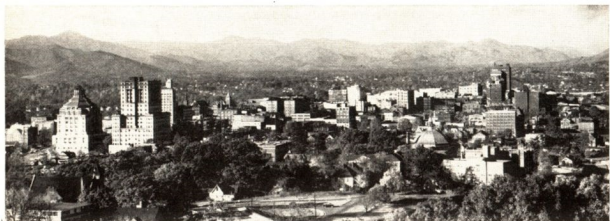
*The
American Tobacco
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INTRODUCES NEW ROI-TAN FILTER-TIP LITTLE CIGARS



**NEW TASTE ENJOYMENT
NEW SMOKING CONVENIENCE**
... anywhere, anytime

© A. T. Co.



Asheville, N. C., once stood on the brink of water famine. When this picture was taken, the water level was 30 feet below the spillway—less than a 10-day supply for Asheville's 54,000 residents.



54,000 people in the city— two feet of water in the reservoir!

Asheville, North Carolina, knows the meaning of water shortage...of dust-dry streams in its watershed...of round-the-clock pumping and emergency dams to impound water flow from every available source. 25 new industries studied Asheville—and settled elsewhere. Residential growth and job opportunities declined alarmingly.

Yet, today, the people of Asheville have a water surplus of 10 million gallons a day, enviable industrial and residential growth and minimum fire insurance rates. This is their story.

Wide-awake officials and citizenry have given Asheville, N. C., a continuing water development program that is a classic example of how to prepare a city for an unlimited future.

In 1948, Asheville's City Council met to discuss a water problem that had become intolerably acute. The city's 20-year-old water supply and distribution system—whose scheduled expansion in the '40s had been interrupted by World War II—was totally inadequate.

Asheville's population had grown to over 50,000 in 1948—far exceeding the figure for which the water system had been designed. Daily consumption often exceeded the system's capacity. One major crisis followed another. Industries threatened to move. Every fire threatened major conflagration. Asheville, plainly, was dying from lack of water.

To solve the problem, City Council had to make a choice. It could take high-cost temporary measures. Or it could live with the situation a few more years while implementing a long-range program to provide a flexible, high-capacity water system capable of growing

with the city. Asheville chose the latter course.

Twice as much water— but no tax increase

Plans called for a 5.75-billion-gallon reservoir in the city-owned 20,000-acre North Fork Watershed; a 17-mile 36-inch water transmission line; and expansion of water distribution facilities in and around Asheville to open up new areas for residential and industrial development. When the project was completed the city would be able to deliver 30 million gallons a day—enough until at least the 1980s, when the water delivery system could again be expanded.

Step-by-step financing of the 7¼-million-dollar program kept costs at a level where they could be paid by water users. At no time were taxes raised. The heart of the program was summed up recently by Asheville's City Manager, Weldon Weir: "Asheville's water development program was sound, steady and unspectacular. Local economy was never disrupted. Our water system expanded with our residential and industrial prospects, and nobody sought or gave special concessions."

Asheville's future now unlimited

Since completion of Burnette Dam in 1954, 23 new industries—each employing 100 persons or more—have come to Asheville. Six in the last year alone. These six companies represent a total investment of more than \$5,000,000. And an annual payroll exceeding \$4,500,000!

Asheville's growth—commercial and residential—is impressive. 1963 saw a record-breaking \$11,000,000 of new construction. Population has increased 9.3%. 7000 new homes have been built.

A few years ago, Asheville saw bottom in its reservoir, and the city's prospects for growth were even lower. Today—with a 10-million-gallon daily surplus—Asheville is a new city, with an unlimited future.

How about your community?

What happened in Asheville has happened in many cities across the country. The problems and solutions may have differed, but in Dallas, Texas; Savannah, Georgia; and Bloomington, Indiana—to name just a few cities—officials and citizens cooperated in correcting ruinous water problems.

Action often begins with farsighted individuals and groups who know a problem exists, and that the time to act is *now*. Our country will need—by 1980—more than twice the water we use today, and the problem is one that involves all of us.

For a better perspective on the nationwide water problem—and how it can be solved—send for the new booklet, "WATER CRISIS, U.S.A." Write Dept. T-34, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.



Burnette Dam, completed in 1954, impounds 5.75 billion gallons of water—enough to meet Asheville's needs for at least the next 25 years.

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA... **CATERPILLAR**
INC. U.S. PAT. OFF.



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MILESTONES

Born. To King Simeon II, 27, King of Bulgaria deposed by the Communists, and Margarita Gómez-Acebo y Cejuela, 28, toast of Madrid society; their second son; in Madrid.

Born. To Daniel Ken Inouye, 39, Democratic Senator from Hawaii, and Margaret Inouye, 40; their first child (after 15 years of marriage), a son; in Washington.

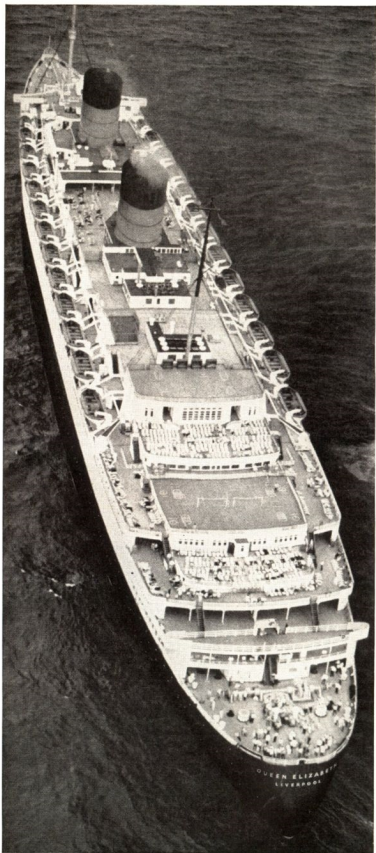
Married. Dr. Samuel Sheppard, 40, onetime Cleveland osteopath just released from the Ohio Penitentiary after serving almost ten years of a life sentence for the bludgeon-slaying of his wife; and Ariane Tebbenjohanns, 35, platinum-blond German divorcee, his pen-pal fiancée since January 1963; both for the second time; in Chicago (see *THE LAW*).

Died. Bradford Smith, 55, historian and biographer, who in nine impressively documented books (*Bradford of Plymouth*, *Captain John Smith*) retraced the paths of early American history and came to some surprising conclusions: that William Bradford (an ancestor) had aimed the *Mayflower* at New England, not Virginia, as historians supposed, and that Captain John Smith (no kin) was indeed saved by Pocahontas, a tale long suspected as too tall to be true; of cancer; in Shaftsbury, Vt.

Died. Joel Brand, 58, Eichmann's emissary to the Allies in 1944 to negotiate the infamous 1,000,000-Jews-for-10,000-trucks proposal, a Hungarian Jew who told his *Blut-für-Waren* tale to Zionist and British leaders, but met with suspicion, arrest and failure, spent the rest of his life "carrying 1,000,000 Jews on my back"; of a heart attack; in Bad Kissingen, Germany.

Died. Luis Batlle Berres, 66, former President of Uruguay (1947-50, 1954-56), longtime leader of the Colorado Party, who followed the mildly socialistic course of his uncle, José Batlle y Ordóñez, founder of Uruguay's democracy, by sparing citizens from income taxes (since introduced), taking control of the country's major industry (meat packing), and maintaining an extreme anticlericalism (Christmas is called *Familia Day*); of a stroke; in Montevideo.

Died. Hussein Ala, 81, Court Minister of Iran since 1957, one of the Shah's oldest and ablest advisers, a reform-minded, pro-West politician who won worldwide notice in March 1946 when he stood before the U.N. Security Council and called attention to the illegal Russian occupation of Iran's Azerbaijan Province, raised such a storm that the Reds withdrew in the face of world opinion; of pneumonia; in Teheran.



Why top executives are going back to the sea route to Europe—on those steady ocean giants, the Cunard Queens.

Business trips to Europe need not be those grueling rushes that worry wives (and concern doctors). On a great Cunarder you can relax, think and plan work in peace. Read on.



AGAIN LAST YEAR, Cunard carried more passengers across the Atlantic than any other shipping line. Most traveled on those noble giants, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*. And an increased number were top executives.

Read this list of typical Cunard travelers. You may know some of these men: M. J. Rathbone, Chairman of the Board, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey); Donald S. Klopfer, Chairman Executive Committee, Random House Inc.; Robert Trout, CBS News Correspondent.

Top men choose Cunard and the sea route for sound business reasons. At the same time they reap all the benefits of a made-to-order health break.

Doctors' orders

Here is what Dr. Harry J. Johnson of Life Extension Foundation, writing in *Business Management* magazine, has to say about health and sea travel:

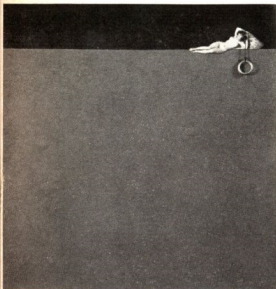
"If you travel to Europe this year on business, you can have a made-to-order health break, which includes all the things 'the doctor orders,' if you travel by ship. Sea travel provides far more than transportation—it will regenerate a tired man."

When you arrive in the conference room fresh from a Cunard voyage, you stand out from others. You are rested and alert. On top of the world. And on top of the job.

◀ R.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, 83,673 tons, and not much shorter than the Empire State Building.

See your travel agent or local Cunard office: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, N.Y. 4, N.Y.

ART



STERN'S "HAY DAY"
Imitations of cacophony.

PAINTING

Talkie Pop

The canvas is a bright Mediterranean blue with a narrow upper band of black. On the line dividing the two colors reclines a pasted-on paper-cutout reproduction of Goya's nude *Maja*. From the nude's hand dangles a string with ring attached. The viewer pulls the string, and the nude says teasingly, "Will you play with me?" Another pull and "I'm sleepy." A third: "Please change my dress." It's really baby talk. Built in behind the painting is the voice box of a Chatty Cathy doll.

Right now, the most diverting art shop in Manhattan is the Amel Gallery, an outpost of the avant-garde. Among works by six artists are paintings that talk, roar, screech, and make sounds like demented woodpeckers trying to fell a redwood forest.

Cleverest noisemakers are the three audio-visual paintings by Marina Stern, including *Hay Day*, the talking nude. In *Judgment Day*, she depicts a standing angel trumpeting the word "Repent." Fastened to the canvas is a curved sports-car horn, and by squeezing the large rubber bulb that honks it, a gallery-goer can bellow an unrepentant riposte full of good Bronx cheer. *Independence Day* puts a tiny Statue of Liberty atop a large black pyramid. When the switch is turned on, Miss Liberty's torch blinks redly, and an ingeniously spliced tape combines the distorted voice of Mae West with electronic sounds that convey a mounting hysteria of urban cacophony.

"Think of the noises we hear every day—vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, telephones, buses, fire engines—why shouldn't they be in pictures?" asks

Venetian-born Marina Stern. Though this follows the logic of pop art, she denies that she is a pop artist: "Pop art accepts everything. I'm more of a satirist. I like to get a little dig in. What pop art has done is to release all of us to be playful. Abstract expressionism is so serious. Two years ago I wouldn't have dared to make paintings like these, and no gallery would have dared to show them."

Paintings, in sum, no longer have to be wallflowers, or even good little children who should be seen and not heard. But one voice at the gallery opening could be heard making a plaintive request: "Can someone please turn that painting down a bit?"

SCULPTURE

Doors of Death

"My good son Giacomo, you must promise me to finish the doors of St. Peter's as soon as possible." Each time Pope John XXIII posed for a bust during the summer of 1961, he urged

Italian Sculptor Giacomo Manzù to get on with a Vatican commission for new bronze doors for the left-hand side of St. Peter's façade. Manzù, who comes from Bergamo, Pope John's birthplace, listened and obeyed. Last month workmen hoisted the ten-ton bronze portals into place.

"Inspiration Flowed." Rome was not built in a day, and neither were Manzù's doors. In 1947, the sculptor entered an international competition for new portals to replace makeshift oak ones that were considered temporary for 500 years. He won out over 76 other artists. But once he had won, Manzù admitted, the commission bored him. He cast, and then rejected, a scale model of the doors in 1954, eventually discarded more than 300 sketches for the project.

After the Pope's gentle urging, "a miracle happened," says Manzù. "Everything suddenly seemed clear, and inspiration for the doors flowed into my mind and consciousness." Working with Monsignor Giuseppe de Luca, an old friend and a priest-publisher from Rome, Manzù finished the design in 1962. The work was then cast by two Milan foundries, using a new bronze formula created by Montecatini chemical laboratories near Milan.

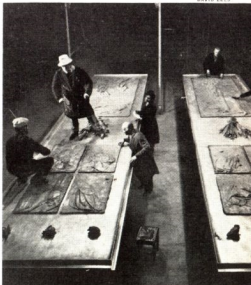
Each bronze panel, rough-edged and scratchy like parchment sketches, contains a different intimation of mortality. At the top (see opposite) two large panels picture the crucifixion of Christ and the death of the Virgin Mary, her body supported by two angels before its assumption

into heaven. Below (see overleaf), Manzù evokes scenes of death from the sacred history of the church—Abel clubbed by his brother Cain, St. Joseph waiting calmly for the ebbing of life, the first Christian martyr St. Stephen being stoned by a Jerusalem mob, Gregory VII dying on his papal throne. The agony of modern death is shown as well: a Bergamo partisan hanged upside down by the Fascists, Pope John praying in the Vatican Palace before his passion, the body of a mother watched by her weeping child, or an uncontrollably tumbling human figure dying in space.

Vatican Objections. In the deft sweep of his lines and the religious themes that dominate his work, Manzù is unmistakably an heir of Renaissance tradition. Yet his sculpture has not always pleased a church that takes pride in the Michelangelo who painted St. Peter's Sistine Chapel ceiling. In 1947 the Holy Office denounced as "obscene" a Manzù crucifixion scene that depicted a totally naked Christ. Last year, after viewing a plaster cast of the doors, Vatican representatives objected to four of the panels as too profane: Cain and Abel, death by hanging, death of a mother, death in space. Manzù, who is not a practicing Roman Catholic, staged a studio sit-in, finally got his own way by threatening not to finish the doors at all.

The St. Peter's doors are not, to Manzù's eye, his best work technically. Yet they have a personal value to him that surmounts their artistic worth. "These doors are the most important work for me as a human being," he says, "because they are dedicated to Pope John and to my friend De Luca, without whom I probably would never have finished this task."

DAVID LEVY



MANZÙ IN FOUNDRY
Intimations of mortality.

DEATH'S DOOR

New Portals
For St. Peter's



GIACOMO MANZÙ'S 24-ft. bur-nished bronze doors for St. Peter's in Rome are hung in furthest left of five front entrances to the basilica. Ten panels in relief repeat a somber theme of death. At top, Mary is lifted upward by angels; and Christ is lowered from cross; at bottom, sinners and saints, in ancient and modern times, meet death (*overleaf*). Grapevine and wheat sheaf symbolize Communion.



CAIN CLUBBING ABEL TO DEATH



THE STONING OF ST. STEPHEN

SABINE WEISS—RAPHO-GUILLOMETTE



WOMAN IN MORTAL FALL THROUGH SPACE



POPE JOHN XXIII PRAYS BEFORE PASSION

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Imitating the Imitator

They laughed in 1959 when Canadian-born Roy Thomson invaded Fleet Street, the citadel of British journalism. They scoffed in 1962 when Thomson, who cheerfully swipes anybody's idea, tacked a New World gimmick, the four-color magazine supplement, onto the anemic corpus of one of his new London properties, the Sunday Times. They gloated when Thomson's Folly, as the Times supplement soon was dubbed, lost \$2,250,000 in its first 18 months. But by last week, with Thomson's Folly an established success and its creator ennobled with the title Lord Thomson of Fleet, they were imitating the imitator all over London.

More Plumage. At the Sunday Observer, a quality paper that has steadily

BRIAN SEED



LORD THOMSON OF FLEET*

yielded ground to Thomson's renaissance Sunday Times, Editor-Owner David Astor rushed plans to add a competitive color supplement of his own this fall. The Sunday Telegraph, which has also slipped in the quality Sunday standings, informed its readers that they would shortly get a Sunday-type supplement on Friday—two full days before anyone else. Front-running Roy Thomson countered these defensive moves with new aggression. The Sunday Times, he announced, would soon sprout additional plumage, a section devoted to the world of commerce and trade.

Nearly 50 years have passed since Fleet Street was so thoroughly jolted by an immigrant from Canada. That earlier invader's name was Max Aitken, until the Crown made him Lord Beaverbrook. And long before the Beaver died at 85 (TIME, June 19), his Daily Express had come to typify the stature that a British newspaper can attain without

resort to sensation. By then the island was full of sensational newspaper giants, among them Cecil Harmsworth King's Daily Mirror, the biggest daily in the free world (circ. 5,000,000), and Sir William Carr's News of the World, the biggest Sunday paper anywhere (6,600,000).

Scratch Two. Roy Thomson's impact on Fleet Street has matched the Beaver's. A man who built a publishing empire that now numbers more than 100 newspapers and nearly as many magazines, he brought to Britain the strong conviction that newspapering should be a paying proposition. Fleet Street was by no means solvent when Thomson arrived. The newspaper mortality rate was running high, and the newcomer made it higher. Of the bagful of papers he bought from the Kemsley chain, Thomson scratched two, the Sun-

DEREK BAYES



EXPRESS' AITKEN

KEYSTONE



OBSERVER'S ASTOR

P.A. REUTER



MIRROR'S KING

A Folly worth following.

day Empire News and the Sunday Graphic, on the grounds that they were peddling unproductive commodities: sensation and smut. "I don't want to get into that rat race," Thomson said.

Instead, he drew a bead on Britain's quality Sunday press, the tiniest sliver on Fleet Street. Outside of the Sunday Times,* with a circulation of 880,000, there was only the Sunday Observer (660,000). Thomson decided to expand his audience. He moderated the paper's traditional Tory pitch in the hope of attracting readers of other political tastes, and added the color supplement.

Soft Pedal. After its amateurish debut, the supplement has graduated into a Sunday staple for both advertisers and readers. Many photographs bear the credit line Lord Snowdon (Princess Margaret's husband) and bylines are big: Ian Fleming, Lord Aitken, etc. Circulation stands at 1,200,000; the Daily Telegraph's Sunday edition start-

ed in 1962 with a phenomenal 1,400,000 only to level off around 650,000.

The imitation of Thomson continues. Even the popular giants have taken note of the success of Thomson's appeal to the aspiring new middle class—and of the waning marketability of their own gaudy wares. The News of the World, down 2,000,000 circulation in a decade, has dropped much of its lurid crime-and-sex reporting in favor of a more serious and cultural approach. Max Aitken, Beaverbrook's son and heir, is fabricating a Thomsonlike appendage for the Sunday Express.

Battle Lines in Detroit

Until 1955, Detroit had never had a newspaper strike. Since then, the city's papers have been struck so regularly that by 1959 newspaper readers were dryly referring to "Detroit's Fourth Annual Newspaper Strike." That year, in fact, there were two walkouts—after which Hearst's morning Times, weak-

ened by the high cost of labor warfare, sold out to the evening News, and was discontinued. Despite this omens, one or the other of the survivors, the News and the morning Free Press, was struck again in 1961, 1962 and 1963. Last week both were out of print—silenced by Detroit's ninth newspaper strike in as many years.

Classic Confrontation. This year's walkout was staged by two unions: the pressmen, who have taken a bellwether role in six of the nine strikes, and the paper and plate handlers' union, whose members do such unskilled work as hauling paper rolls and printing plates from one shop location to another. The current dispute shed no clear light on the causes of Detroit's perennial newspaper strife: in the classic labor-management confrontation, the two unions simply demanded more money than the publishers wanted to pay. But behind the public issues lay grievances so deep, and by now so chronic, as to defy ready cure.

In Detroit, newspaper unions have

* On wall, covers of the Sunday Times Color Magazine.

* No kin to the Times of London, a 179-year-old daily institution.

Which came first: the golf ball or Gordon's Gin?

Golf dates back to the 15th Century when a ball stuffed with feathers was used. In 1848 the "guttie"—a hard, moulded ball that was the direct forerunner of our modern golf ball—was introduced in Britain. In London, 79 years before this innovation, Alexander Gordon perfected his formula for a special gin. Today, golfers the world over relax at the Nineteenth Hole and enjoy the delicate flavour and distinctive dryness of Gordon's Gin. In fact, some claim that Gordon's offers them considerable consolation as they total their score. No wonder it's the biggest seller in England, America, the world!



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Only you can prevent forest fires

Follow Smokey's A-B-C's.

Always hold matches till cold
—then break in two!

Be sure you drown all fires out
—cold!

Crush all smokes dead—in an
ash tray!



A different new aromatic
pipe tobacco called
Field & Stream
Have you tried it yet?



"To keep men well-informed—that, first and last,
is the only aim this magazine has to grind."

from TIME's Prospectus, 1922

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

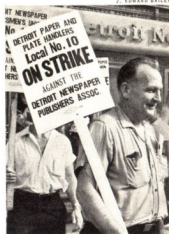
The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

long been uneasily aware of the anti-union sentiments of Free Press Publisher John S. Knight, who also has papers in Akron, Charlotte, N.C., and Miami. It is Knight's avowed policy to de-unionize his plants, a process he began with the Miami Herald. When the pressmen's contract expired in 1961, Knight refused to renew it; the Herald's presses have since rolled without benefit of union help.

Knight's fellow publishers in Detroit were in total sympathy with his approach. The Detroit Newspaper Publishers' Association, which was formed in 1945, now regards a strike against one paper as a strike against all. The publishers hired as negotiator one Rob-

J. EDWARD BAILEY



NEWS PICKET LINE
Now an annual event.

ert C. Butz, a man who had earned a reputation as a tough antilabor type. The Detroit publishers also declared their intention "to tighten controls in contracts"—in short, to eliminate union work practices, such as the paid 15-minute wash-up, that management considered extravagant.

"Long Strike." When the stereotypers' union struck all Detroit papers in 1955, demanding a full day's extra pay for working more than eight hours in any day, the battle lines were clearly drawn, and the unions embarked on their succession of Detroit strikes with an implacability of purpose that matched the publishers'. Three years ago, after John Knight shut the door on union pressmen in Miami, the union exported a contingent of Miami picketers to Detroit. Free Press pressmen promptly walked out.

This week's strike bid fair to be both bitter and protracted. The pressmen who had walked out were not negotiating at all. The two papers, which have kept editorial hands busy at make-work, by week's end were proposing two-week vacations for all salaried employees. Said Bart Piscitello, president of the Detroit pressmen's local: "We're planning on a long strike."

TIME, JULY 24, 1964

***You spent last week
watching the convention
on TV.
Why read about it
in LIFE?***

Because you wouldn't feel you had the whole story until you saw it in LIFE.

Naturally, color photography is part of it. A big part of it. In this week's LIFE, 13 full pages of color photographs record the convention with all its sweep and excitement. Colorful writing is part of it, too, as are LIFE's unique editing skills which bring out the most memorable aspects of the news.

But this is what you expect of LIFE. You won't recognize—or care about—the physical problems we had to overcome to print the convention story in color (as well as 12 other fast-close pages). You *will* recognize—and appreciate—the urgency and excitement of LIFE's coverage.





Mr. Eichenberger
specializes
in an unusual kind
of banking service.
We developed it.



■ Clarence R. Eichenberger is shown here in one of his usual working-places. Another is his desk in our Division C, which serves the steel industry.

Our idea of industry-specialized banking goes back 60 years. Then, many of Chicago's major industries were young and struggling and needed financing. To help them, The First National Bank of Chicago set up specialized groups of bankers to serve specific industries. It was, and

still is, an unusual concept in banking. If you're in steel—or any of its allied fields—you'll talk financing with Mr. Eichenberger. He knows steel from mine to mill to manufactured product. It's his business to know your business.

But no matter what your business, we have bankers who know it, understand its problems, speak its language. Like Mr. Eichenberger, the officers in each of the 11 divisions of our Com-

mmercial Banking Department serve specific groups of industries. These men are specialists, constantly studying industrial trends and developments. They are in a splendid position to recognize potential in men and in ideas.

Perhaps you've a problem that calls for this kind of banking service. If so, get in touch with *your* kind of banker today at The First National Bank of Chicago. Write, wire or call collect. Our phone number is FR 2-6800.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

That Uneven Tide

Some economists like to compare the current advance to a rising tide—it lifts everyone's boat, enabling big and small business alike to prosper. The tide is still coming in strong: the Federal Reserve Board last week released record industrial production figures for June, and President Johnson personally announced "notable advances" for the second quarter in gross national product (a new record), nonfarm employment (another new record), and personal income. But the tide does not seem to be

sociation and the Small Business Administration insist that small business is doing well, and there is no doubt that it has profited by the expansion. But small business suffers from a chronic lack of cash and management skill—and those shortages hurt far more in these days of computers and tougher competition. Defense spending cutbacks have hit hard at small subcontractors; in the year ended last March, 118 electronics firms from Long Island to Los Angeles were forced to merge or liquidate because of the cutbacks. Small business also finds it harder to cut costs, since there is less to cut from; this is one rea-

where he and the President held earnest conversations; Johnson also telephoned him from the presidential jet en route to Texas. At week's end, when Johnson announced a lower 1964 deficit and a greater budget cut than earlier estimates, there was, typically, no sign of the man who had done most of the work and made many of the cuts possible: Kermit Gordon, 48, Director of the Budget.

More Tightfisted. Gordon is eminently discreet, carefully avoids the limelight and insists that he is only a staff worker for the President. But he has quietly emerged as one of Washington's rising powers, and his influence on economic policy within the Administration is steadily widening. That influence has been enlarged by the situation of the Government's two chief advisers on economic policy: Chief Economic Adviser Walter Heller will leave Government service this fall, and Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon does not expect to be kept in his post for another Johnson term. Gordon has let it be known that he intends to stay, already has more personal contact with Johnson than any-one outside of his inner staff.

The close relationship between Gordon and Johnson developed within 24 hours of the Kennedy assassination, when the matter of finishing up the fiscal 1965 budget was pressing. Johnson later remarked that he and Gordon spent "37 days and nights' work" wrapping up the \$98 billion budget. Gordon, by nature a more tightfisted director than his predecessor, David Bell, had no trouble executing the slashes Johnson wanted and has been steadily cutting back ever since. Working for a President obviously fascinated by the political potential of budgeteering, he is being asked to perform tasks not ordinarily given a Budget Director.

Sometimes a Whiplash. Gordon is a key figure in planning the economic program being drawn up for 1965 and beyond. He helped draw up, with Walter Heller, the revised stand-by tax-cutting power the President will probably ask Congress to approve as an anti-cyclical weapon, is working on a new scheme to funnel excess federal revenues back to the states whenever a surplus is generated. His strong feeling that federal spending is too cumbersome to effect short-range control of the economy will probably sway Johnson away from the stand-by public works and other spending devices that were favored by the Kennedy Administration. When he hears complaints about federal programs, Johnson sometimes uses Gordon as a whiplash, phoning the appropriate agency and saying: "I've got the Budget Director at my desk. What's the story on this?"

A former Rhodes scholar and Williams College professor of economics,



GORDON & L.B.J. IN CONFERENCE
Fascinated by the political potential.

lifting everyone equally, and the Senate Select Committee on Small Business has just produced another, less pleasant nautical metaphor. As the committee sees it, U.S. small business is "floundering in the backwash" of the speeding economy, failing for the first time in modern business history to share proportionately in the nation's prosperity.

Chronic Lack. Before the current economic expansion began 41 months ago, small businesses—those firms with fewer than 250 employees—did more than half the business in the U.S. In the advance, however, the 4,600,000 firms that make up the small business community have accounted for little more than 40% of the \$100 billion gain in gross national product and no more than 25% of the \$130 billion spent on business expansion. The profits of small retailers and manufacturers are growing at less than half the pace of their big brothers; the number of small manufacturing firms has been declining since 1957. Wrote Democratic Senator William Proxmire, chairman of a small-business subcommittee, in his new book, *Can Small Business Survive?*, published last week: "Whether you are a butcher, baker or candlestick maker, you may be as extinct as the village blacksmith."

Both the National Small Business As-

sociation that small businessmen have been turning away from manufacturing toward service industries, where costs are less and business is growing faster.

New Ski Lifts. U.S. big business in the past has operated much more closely to capacity in times of economic advance—thus enabling small business to meet much of the extra demand—than it is doing now. "This time," says William Butler, chief economist of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "small business is slower to catch up because of industry's extra capacity." But, adds Butler: "As the boom goes on, small business will feel it more and more." Even now, the expansive U.S. economy is generating new ski lifts, coffeehouses, dry-cleaning shops and motels at almost the same rate that it produces autos and chemicals for the U.S. consumer.

GOVERNMENT

Lyndon's Budgeteer

The man to watch in Washington these days, when it comes to economy and economics, is a balding, moon-faced fellow with few of the outward trappings of power. Each day last week, he strode briskly on the three-minute journey from his office in the Executive Building to Lyndon Johnson's office,

Gordon in 1961 joined the Council of Economic Advisers, moved to Budget in 1962. He is attuned to Johnson's penchant for quick answers to questions, keeps on his desk a sheet of paper with the latest federal employment figures. From the time he arrives at work in his battered Renault till he leaves for home in suburban Maryland, Gordon is a prodigious worker; the 80-hour, seven-day week he put in last week is not unusual. Gordon likes to joke that Johnson has stopped calling him at midnight or at 6 in the morning, now "confines his calls to office hours—from 8 to 8."

ADVERTISING

Trying Harder

It began with some casual questioning. Robert C. Townsend, the president of Avis, Inc., was talking with his advertising agency about ways to boost Avis rent-a-car business, which trailed far behind Hertz in the car-rental field. Were Avis' cars newer than Hertz's? asked the admen. No. More rental locations? No. Lower rates? Nope. Wasn't there some difference between the two? "Well," said Townsend, thinking for a moment, "we try harder." Lights flashed. Bugles blared. Sirens wailed. Thus was launched one of Madison Avenue's most successful ad campaigns, whose slogans—Avis Is Only No. 2, We Try Harder—rapidly worked their way into U.S. conversation. Since the campaign began, Avis car rentals have jumped 28%, and the company's nine-month revenues for fiscal 1964 reached a record \$31.2 million.

Call the President. The Avis ads have caught readers through their underdog appeal, their sly humor and their insouciant explanations of the traumas of being in second place. Tear up the Avis credit card "if Avis goofs," says one ad. Says another: "Our counters all have two sides. And we know which side our bread is buttered on." The campaign has also had an inside effect: Avis is trying harder. Before the first ad ran,

DAVID GARY



AVIS' TOWNSEND

Fattening on underdog appeal.

TIME, JULY 24, 1964

High Time?

How long has it been since you had your security holdings reviewed by someone competent to do that job? If it has been a year or more, we think it's high time you had your portfolio reappraised.

It's possible that one of your stocks isn't providing you with the growth, income, or earnings which prompted you to buy it originally.

In that case, it might be best to replace it with another which falls more in line with your investment objectives, might increase the overall value of your portfolio.

Make sense?

We think so. That's why we offer you, customer or not, the services of our Portfolio Review Section.

Armed with the latest facts and figures available on almost any security you can name, this group constantly appraises portfolios in light of the investor's objectives and his personal circumstances.

Yes, they'll make suggestions, but only if they honestly feel that you'll benefit by them. And that goes for telling you to stand pat, too.

Fair enough?

There's no charge, of course.

If you'd like to find out how your portfolio shapes up in our estimation, simply write—

JOSEPH C. QUINN



**MERRILL LYNCH,
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learn to fly in a week

How's that? Learn to fly in just a week? Simple. For the most fascinating week's vacation you've ever had, plan to spend it at your nearby friendly Piper dealer's airport, or an airport near your favorite summer resort—and you can be flying solo by the end of the week. Just a couple of lessons a day will do it—more fun than a round of golf—and you'll still have time for golf, too.

Flying's so easy now with the Piper Cherokee 140—newest, easiest-to-fly Piper ever built (easier even than the Cub). The Cherokee's "total flying ease," plus its modern, low wing design and ample reserve power, make flying a cinch. Learn FREE, of course, if you buy your own Piper.

Want to sample flying first? Just tell your Piper dealer you'd like to take his Summer Special \$5 Introductory Lesson. If you don't know his name, look in the Yellow Pages or write us and we'll send you his name and a new "Learn to Fly" facts kit. Just write Dept. 9-T.

PIPER

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD



Discover the brave new world of Ale. Try Red Cap.

Taste for yourself how Red Cap Ale goes a step beyond even the smoothest beer. It's extra bold and hearty because more hops, more malt and longer aging go into every drop. Such a brew is Red Cap Ale. Try it. Brewed here in the U.S.A. by Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, brewers of Black Label Beer.

I WAS GOING BROKE ON \$9,000 A YEAR

So I Sent \$7 to
The Wall Street Journal

High prices and taxes were getting me down. I had to have more money or reduce my standard of living.

So I sent \$7 for a Trial Subscription to The Wall Street Journal. I heeded its warnings. I cashed in on the ideas it gave me for increasing my income and cutting expenses. I got the money I needed. Now I'm slowly forging ahead. Believe me, reading The Journal every day is a wonderful get-ahead plan.

This experience is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to salaried men making \$7,500 to \$30,000. It is valuable to the owner of a small business. It can be of priceless benefit to young men who want to win advancement.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$7. Just send this ad with check for \$7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. TM 7-24



RAILROADS

Toward a Big Three

Few railroad merger applications before the Interstate Commerce Commission have been so closely watched as the Norfolk & Western's petition to take over the Nickel Plate, the Wabash and three connecting roads. After more than two years of study, the ICC last week voted 10 to 1 to give its go-ahead to the merger. With that decision, the way was opened for the creation of a 7,450-mile freight superline whose routes would reach west to Missouri and north into Canada, save the two lines \$27 million in costs each year. Railroaders saw in the ICC decision a far grander design: the reconstruction of the entire Eastern rail system into a strong regional network.

The manner of the ICC's approval contained the clue. Before the merger is allowed, ruled the commission, the \$352 million of Norfolk & Western and Wabash stocks bought up by the Pennsylvania Railroad since the late 19th century must be sold—to make sure that the Pennsy holds no control over the merged roads. Often the difference between profit and loss for the Pennsy, the Norfolk & Western stock paid it \$14.5 million last year in dividends, is often used as collateral on new investments. But the Pennsy's possession of the stock has been one of the roadblocks in its efforts to merge with the New York Central. The ICC has been sitting on that proposal since March 1962.

Since the Pennsy wants nothing more these days than to merge with the New York Central, it will probably go along with the ICC and dispose of its stock to help sway the ICC to approve its own merger. Once the Pennsy agrees to sell the stock, the way would be cleared for the Norfolk & Western-Nickel Plate merger to take its place alongside the already approved linkage of the Chesapeake & Ohio-Baltimore & Ohio roads. If the ICC then approved the Pennsy and Central link-up, the Eastern U.S. would have three superroads that would carry 90% of its traffic.

executives of Avis and of its ad agency—Manhattan's bright, unorthodox Doyle Dane Bernbach—jointly lectured Avis employees in 300 cities to impress on counter girls and car attendants the need for that hard Avis try. They made employees fill out check lists that guard against empty gas tanks, dirty ashtrays and smudged mirrors, passed out "We try harder" lapel buttons.

Hearty Bob Townsend, 43, who came from American Express 28 months ago, wears his button and a bright red Avis blazer just like any employee. He has breathed new life and spirit into Avis, increased its vehicle fleet from 16,600 to 36,000. He has even let himself be glist for Doyle Dane's productive mill. A recent ad revealed that he has no secretary and answers his own phone, suggested that anyone with a complaint call his number direct (area code 516, CH 8-9150). Townsend has since heard from about 400 people, last week made a San Francisco reservation for one caller and authorized another to get on-the-spot credit without an Avis card or cash deposit.

Watch It, Jack. Avis has actually become No. 1 in such scattered spots as Indianapolis, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and Wichita Falls, Texas—and it has turned success into another ad. It views with alarm what it considers the inevitable fruits of being first: a burned-out signal light that went unnoticed at its Poughkeepsie place. "A few more complaints," says the ad, "and we may have to put in someone a little less complacent. So watch it, Jack."

Avis has a lot of miles to go to catch up with Hertz, which has three times as many cars and five times more revenue, but Townsend says his aim is not to become No. 1—he just wants Avis to be the fastest growing with the highest profit margin. In view of the fact that 90 million out of 94 million U.S. drivers have never rented a car, he feels that there is plenty of room for everyone to grow, sees no reason why the number of U.S. cars available for rental, now 105,000 a year, should not reach 1,000,000 by 1970.



Sometimes a television set can light up a whole city

When a message is powerful enough...if it is told well enough...it can enlighten a home, a neighborhood, a whole community.

It happened in Baltimore... with WJZ-TV's coverage of the civil rights struggle.

It happened in Pittsburgh... when KDKA-TV and KDKA examined growing unemployment.

It happened in San Francisco... with the KPIX series on mentally retarded children.

It happened in Boston... when WBZ-TV and WBZ took a searching look at morality in government.

It happened in Fort Wayne, New York, Chicago... with WOWO, WINS, WIND.

It's happening in Cleveland now. A KYW-TV and KYW

series has already begun to reveal the blight of poverty in a major city.

These are all Group W stations. In the past year and a half they have received broadcasting's top awards. Including the duPont, the Peabody, the Sigma Delta Chi, the Sloan, the Edison, and the Ohio State.

Group W stations are uniquely equipped to play a vital role in their communities. As members of the Group, they have creative, managerial, and financial resources greater than any individual station, plus a local impact no network can match. Important, meaningful programming in the public interest is one more reason why the Group is a vital third force in broadcasting today.



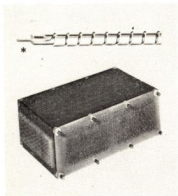
WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY

WBZ-WBZ-TV BOSTON • WINS-NEW YORK • WJZ-TV BALTIMORE • KDKA • KDKA-TV PITTSBURGH • KYW-KYW-TV CLEVELAND • WOWO FORT WAYNE • WIND CHICAGO • KPIX SAN FRANCISCO

NCR is proud to announce ...

the new 315 RMC (rod memory computer)

The first commercial computer with all thin-film main memory



A MAJOR ADVANCE

The new 315 RMC is a major advance in computer technology. Its entire memory of up to 240,000 digits is composed of thin cylindrical wire rods plated with a magnetic thin film. The 315 RMC has an incredible cycle speed of 800 nanoseconds (800 billionths of a second).

*Magnified 10 times.

COMPATIBLE WITH ALL 315 HARDWARE

The 315 RMC is uniquely versatile. Though cycle speed is 8 times faster than the 315, it is designed to be completely compatible with all existing 315s and all 315 peripheral equipment. NCR users, both present and future, can easily move up to a Rod Memory Computer when additional capabilities are required.

COMPATIBLE WITH ALL 315 SOFTWARE

The command and logic structure of the 315 RMC is identical with all 315s. No re-programming is required. All 315 programs and software, including NEAT and COBOL, may be used "as is." For new applications, BEST, NCR's recently announced program generator, reduces programming time by as much as 50%.

ALSO NEW! FASTER PERIPHERAL EQUIPMENT

Now available for the new 315 RMC — and all 315s, a new line of faster, more efficient peripherals:

- New, faster tape drives; 66KC conversion of data from other computers; 120KC for direct processing
- New 1,000 line-per-minute printer
- New 250 CPM Card Punch
- New 321 Data Communications Controller for expanded on-line and remote inquiry capability
- New built-in floating point arithmetic for scientific applications

■ New High Capacity CRAM III (Card Random Access Memory) provides up to 16,000,000 characters of random access storage in each CRAM cartridge.

COMPATIBLE WITH OUR USERS' SYSTEMS

All NCR current and future users benefit from this remarkable new development. The 315 RMC is an important scientific breakthrough — a significant addition to NCR's 315 family. It dramatically extends the life and capabilities of all 315 installations. With a 315, your system can grow as you grow — and you can move up to a high-speed, Rod Memory Computer without paying the penalty in time and money that progress in automation usually costs.

Deliveries of the 315 RMC begin in mid '65. For more complete information, we urge you to send for the booklet describing our new thin-film computer. Write The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio 45409.



N

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OIL

Vade, Mecom

The complicated and expensive requirements of today's oil exploration—basically, more distant searches and deeper drilling with more sophisticated equipment—have shut out most of the old breed of independent operators. A few independents, however, are still rich and ready enough for global competition with the major companies—and one of the richest and readiest is a stocky, straightforward Texan named John Whitfield Mecom. At 53, Mecom has amassed assets of between \$400 million and \$500 million, reaped largely from 30 years of roaming the world in search of oil. Last week, on yet another search, he started drilling in Jordan, one of the few Arab nations where oil has not been found.

Drill a Little Deeper. Understandably eager for oil, little Jordan celebrated the spudding in of Mecom's first well

DON HUSSEIN



MECOM & HUSSEIN AT TEXAS RANCH
Luck, lions and slaughtered lambs.

in the olive groves and rolling hills north of Hebron. Mecom was banqueting by King Hussein, in turn entertained Jordanian officials with a dinner party at the new Jerusalem Intercontinental Hotel on the Mount of Olives. The jaunty young King spilled oil ceremonially over the rig, and a dozen lambs were slaughtered and sent to the poor in a good-luck ritual.

Mecom, who is investing \$5,000,000 in the Jordan venture, is depending on a good deal more than luck, although he seems to have his share of that. In a business in which one wildcard well in nine comes in and one field in 44 pays off, Mecom has hit on three tries out of five and profited on two wells out of three. "We go into places where oil has been searched for before," he says. "We just try new methods, maybe drill a little deeper."

A University of Oklahoma graduate who studied geology and petroleum en-

gineering, Mecom keeps twelve geologists and three geophysicists at work in his search, makes all the final decisions himself. He maintains a fleet of 27 airplanes and a private navy that includes a converted LST, three ocean-going tugs and a 5,000-ton freighter named *Little John*. Mecom lives with his wife and two daughters (the also has a married son) in a Frenchlike chateau in Houston, owns three cattle ranches and a private zoo of lions, zebras, gazelles and camels. A man who hardly hesitates before he plows \$120 million into a Colombian oilfield, he is also known in hotels and restaurants on four continents as a lavish spender and tipper.

Hedged Bets. In spite of his spectacular spending and steady success in the oilfields, Mecom is conservative enough to hedge his bets with other investments. He bought half of the new San Francisco Hilton for \$14.5 million, has spent another \$10.4 million on the Warwick Hotel in Houston, owns the 425-room Gran Hotel Bolivar in Lima, Peru. He also controls a New Jersey company that turns out the fast-selling Boonton plastic tableware. Another holding: Houston's Reed Roller Bit Co., which Mecom hopes eventually to make into an oil-equipment supply company rivaling the Hughes Tool Co. Most of all, however, Mecom intends to remain a free-wheeling, fast-moving independent oilman. "I'm not selling anything," he says. "I'll just keep looking for oil."

MERCHANDISING

A Giant Step

For more than three months, spry, quixotic P. G. Winnett, 83, chairman and co-founder of the West Coast's Bullock's department stores, fought alone to rally stockholders against a merger with Federated Department Stores, the nation's biggest chain. Appealing to local pride, he warned that the "Eastern octopus" would crush Bullock's individuality. Bullock's other directors, led by Winnett's son-in-law, President Walter W. Candy Jr., 58, argued that a merger with Federated (60 stores, including Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, Miami's Burdine's and Boston's Filene's) would enable stockholders to share in its more rapid growth, chided Winnett for not adopting more advanced retailing practices.

At an acrimonious stockholders' meeting in Los Angeles last week, Winnett denounced his directors as "young upstarts," won his audience's sympathy but not enough of its votes: the merger was approved by more than a two-thirds majority. Federated's acquisition of Bullock's 23 stores (including 16 fashionable I. Magnin stores) will easily push the retailing giant's annual sales (\$932 million in 1963) over the billion mark, give it needed strength on the West Coast. It is also another step toward a goal set earlier this year by Federated President Ralph Lazarus: to double sales within a decade.

PERSONALITIES

EVER since he joined Liggett & Myers in 1934, North Carolina-born Milton E. Harrington, 55, has lived intimately with the tobacco leaf, serving as leaf buyer, leaf supervisor, manager of the leaf department and vice president for leaf operations before he was named president in April. Last week Harrington turned over the big leaf; he became L. & M.'s new chief executive, moving into a post vacated by the recent death of Chairman Zach Toms. Liggett & Myers managed to halt a five-year downward drift in sales in 1963 by introducing charcoal-filtered Lark cigarettes, but Harrington must deal with a steady decline in earnings, from \$31.2 million in 1958 to \$24.7 million last year. To improve business, L. & M.'s genial, slow-speaking boss, who does his part by smoking as much as three packs of cigarettes and several pipefuls of tobacco every day, may diversify into other consumer products, as several cigarettemakers have already done, will also concentrate on new marketing, advertising and sales ideas to enable his firm to "get Lots More from L. & M."

HENRY GOODMAN



MILTON HARRINGTON



HARMON EBERHARD

FOR years the stand-by of the Caterpillar Tractor Co., the world's largest tractor maker, was the basic tractor—a kind of Model T. But Caterpillar has steadily diversified in recent years, now sells 140 different varieties, from a clawlike ripper that crushes rocks to a road scraper that gulps 66 tons of dirt in 42 seconds. Last week the man responsible for this transformation showed just how good it has been for Caterpillar's business: Chairman Harmon S. Eberhard, 64, announced that first-half sales and profits were the highest in the company's 39-year history, and that Caterpillar will probably top the \$1 billion mark for the first time this year. A California-born self-taught engineer who has been with the firm since its beginning, Eberhard has doubled sales and tripled profits since he became president in 1954, recently launched a \$41 million research drive. One result: Caterpillar's next innovation will be a gas turbine tractor engine. Preparing for the future, Caterpillar this year will begin building a new headquarters in Peoria, its home town since its founding in 1925.

WORLD BUSINESS

BRITAIN

Trouble in Never-Never Land

When Entrepreneur John Bloom, then only 30, offered 500,000 shares of his Rolls Razor Ltd. on the London Exchange two years ago, investors grabbed them at \$3.50 a share. On Bloom's rising reputation and Rolls's rising washing-machine sales, the hot stock doubled. In recent weeks, however, London's City has buzzed about troubles at Rolls, and the price of the company's stock has fluttered wildly. Last week, just two years and 51 days after John Bloom's stock was listed, it fell with a mighty crash. Nine minutes before the exchange closed, Rolls announced its voluntary liquidation, thus bringing down the cornerstone of Bloom's \$70 million empire. In one of the City's most furious trading sessions, Rolls skidded from \$1.18 to 15¢ a share.

Blonde & Boat. Raised in London's squalid East End, John Bloom quit school at 16, stumbled from one get-rich scheme to another. In 1958 he finally hit the right chord: he splurged \$1,187 on an ad in the tabloid *Daily Mirror* (circ. 5,000,000) offering home washing-machine demonstrations. The ad drew 7,000 replies from prospering Britons—and Bloom soon had a firm set up to sell them. His unorthodox selling and bare-bone prices quickly cornered 10% of the washer market. Bloom then bought out lifeless Rolls, an old razor maker, to use as his corporate vehicle, expanded into dishwashers, refrigerators, trading stamps, rental TV, and even cheap holiday tours for Britons on Bulgaria's Black Sea coast.

Within four years after he began,

Bloom was a millionaire. He knew how to live like one too. He married a dazzling blonde secretary, got himself a black Rolls and her a white Mercedes, took a Park Lane apartment and a Riviera villa, and bought a gleaming, \$1,000,000, 376-ton yacht named *Ariane*. Bloom cultivated a goatee to hide his youth, spent half an hour daily with his hairdresser. Through it all, he flamboyantly plugged himself as a friend of the housewife, pal of the working man, scourge of the City and enemy of the Establishment.

"Maybe When I'm 40." In the end Bloom outsmarted himself. His success drew other hopefuls into a crowded market and aroused older appliance makers to cut costs and retail prices. Bloom proved as poor at finance as he was spectacular at promotion. Receipts from Rolls's "never-never"—as Britons call installment plans—were passed on to Merchant Sir Isaac Wolfson, who had bankrolled Bloom with a \$28 million loan. Spotting trouble, Sir Isaac withdrew his support and sped the downfall.

Bloom's end came not long after he had been touted for knighthood, an honor that he modestly allowed he wanted "not at the moment, but I might when I'm 40." He may have to forget that now—but even after Rolls's debacle, he is surely at no loss for money. "I should not like to be poor again," he said recently, "and I have taken all the precautions to see that I shan't be." As he cruised in his yacht on the sunny Black Sea off Bulgaria last week while pandemonium hit the London Exchange, John Bloom must have reflected on the wisdom of those precautions.

An Artful Takeover

London's Sotheby & Co. has become the world's largest art auction house by conscientious attention to both fine detail and broad brush stroke in the art of auctioneering. Last week Sotheby's also portrayed deft talent as a buyer. Outbidding U.S. Investment Executive Alex Hillman, it paid \$1.5 million to win 75% control of the major U.S. auction house, Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries. By acquiring its biggest U.S. competitor, Sotheby's secured a long-needed U.S. auction outlet and assured itself the role of auctioneer for most of the important American art collections that come up for sale.

Parke-Bernet was able to paint a rosy financial picture as recently as 1962, when its sales of \$14.1 million placed it within chanting distance of Sotheby's \$24.7 million. But lately the 220-year-old English firm has been auctioning most of the most important art collections, this season has sold a record \$36 million worth; its \$11 million sales of American collections alone exceeded Parke-Bernet's fading total turnover of \$10.8 million. Without even



AUCTIONEER WILSON
Fastest gavel in the West.

asking Parke-Bernet to submit a proposal, for example, the Guggenheim Museum this year decided to send 50 paintings by Russian Wassily Kandinsky to Sotheby's rambling New Bond Street headquarters, where they were auctioned last month for \$1.5 million (to make room in the Guggenheim).

One lure that caused American art sellers to bypass Parke-Bernet increasingly and go across the ocean is Sotheby's lower commission—only 10% on art and antiques and 15% on books and manuscripts—compared with P-B's 15% to 22%, made necessary by higher U.S. costs. They were tempted even more by the higher bids generated by the business acumen and showmanship of Sotheby's Chairman Peter Cecil Wilson, 51, known in the auction world as "The Fastest Gavel in the West."

Parke-Bernet's handful of stockholders resisted Sotheby's bid for months, some expressing reluctance to relinquish control to a foreign company. Last week Richard Gimbel, the sole remaining U.S. stockholder, charged that "the American flag has been sold down the river." Sotheby's Wilson tried to soothe feelings with artful reasoning: "I'm sure you would find people in my country who said the same thing when Ford brought into England. One-way traffic is undesirable."

MIDDLE EAST

That Arab Boycott

In their continuing cold war with Israel, the 20 nations of the Arab world since 1951 have imposed an economic boycott not only on Israeli goods but on all those who deal with or help Israel economically. Through a central boycott office in Damascus and 18 regional offices throughout the Arab world, the



PROMOTER BLOOM
A speedy rise and fall.



Who'd insure a man riding an ostrich?

The St. Paul would. Did.*

Here we are, possibly the World's Quietest Insurance Company (we didn't advertise for 108 years) ...

Yet we're called on constantly when someone has a special risk to be covered. Like the man with the ostrich.

Harry Winston, Inc., called on us to insure the Jonker diamond from London to New York. We've been called on to insure a nickel for \$15,000. (It was a 1913 liberty head.) Bangkok called on us to insure 4 elephants, 2 gibbons, 300 monkeys, 52 mynah birds, 5 lemurs, 11 pythons, and 1 bear en route to San Francisco.

Why do they call on The St. Paul?

Maybe because we don't have lots of little men who find it easier to say "no." We have men with big minds and stretchy imaginations. Willing to underwrite a good risk any day. Some people think this kind of business imagination is worth going half way around the world for.

And this is what you get from The St. Paul right down the line. You don't need an ostrich; we write all kinds of casualty and property insurance, and life too. If you want just plain insurance with a maximum value for your dollar, let us know.

*He fell off. Collected.

When you want an Insurance Company known for Daring as well as Stability, for Imagination as well as Longevity, look for our agent in the Yellow Pages.

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES



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Arabs have blacklisted more than 600 firms, including 167 U.S. companies (among them Revlon, General Tire and Bulova Watch). Last week the Arabs added to their blacklist a new and prestigious member: the Chase Manhattan Bank, the world's second largest bank, whose 102 offices overseas make it an important presence in many countries. Reason for cutting off Chase from Arab business: its dealings in Israeli bonds, which have been going on for 13 years.

Occasional Winks. Chase took the boycott in stride—and so have most of the firms that have been banned from the 40 million-customer Arab market. The 40 firms owned by British Tycoon Charles Clore were barred last year when Clore and Sir Isaac Wolfson lent Jerusalem \$2,000,000 to build a new town hall, and the U.S.'s Witco Chemical was blacklisted after it bought a chemical firm that had an executive who owned a piece of an Israeli oil company. The Arabs offer reinstatement

\$50 million export area that would normally be its most obvious customer. Israel's other major irritant is the refusal of the international oil companies to defy the Arab trade ban—for obvious reasons. Despite the boycott, Israel's little economy continues to grow. The gross national product has more than doubled, to almost \$2.5 billion, since the boycott began; foreign currency reserves have tripled, to \$600 million. Most important, foreign investment in Israel goes on unchecked, has increased from practically nothing ten years ago to \$110 million last year.

AVIATION

The Cost Barrier Has Not Been Broken

Nearly two dozen of the world's airlines, from Pan American to tiny Aeronautes de Mexico, have hopefully placed 140 orders for either an American or a British-French supersonic transport.

FOR PHOTOS



FRANCE'S JACQUET & BRITAIN'S AMERY IN CONCORDE MOCK-UP
Bothered by booms and bigger price tags.

ment to firms that stop their dealings with Israel, but the Israelis have their own ways of exerting pressure. West Germany's Grundig Radio last month announced plans to pull its operations out of Israel, quickly reneged when Israel said that it would cancel all Grundig import licenses in reprisal.

Some of the holes in the boycott are winked at by the Arabs. Hilton hotels and Trans World Airlines go on operating in Egypt—even though both also operate in Israel—because President Nasser is aware that they bring in tourist dollars. Blacklisted firms are tolerated by some Arab states if their products are badly needed. Though both have been on the blacklist for some time, Continental Motors still ships parts to Jordan, and Fairbanks, Morse goes right on selling water pumps to Arab nations.

No Slowdown. The Arab boycott is a nuisance to Israel, if only because it deprives Israel of the Arab market, a

Considering the SST's list of problems, that's quite a bit of hope. Rarely has the development of a new product been more beset by rising costs, clamor and competition.

The Anglo-French Concorde so far will cost the two nations 75% more than originally planned. This admission brought gasps from the House of Commons when it was made fortnight ago by Aviation Minister Julian Amery. He admitted that he and French Transport Minister Marc Jaquet had adjusted the cost to \$400 million for each country after studying modifications that will be necessary to give the Concorde more passenger space, greater engine power and larger wing area—partly to make it more competitive with the proposed U.S. model.

The U.S. plane has so far got exactly nowhere. Now the big argument seems to be whether it is really practicable in its proposed form. Aviation Con-

sultant William Littlewood recently told a Washington aeronautical conference that ground dwellers cannot adjust to the SST's shattering sonic boom, suggested "careful routing" of the planes at a cost in time and fuel. Last week Clarence L. "Kelly" Johnson, the Lockheed vice president who designed both the U-2 and the A-11, said as he received an achievement award from the National Aviation Club: "I am very concerned about the sonic boom where the SST is concerned. Something must be done, or a technical breakthrough achieved to get the boom reduced."

As if that were not enough, Russia's General Evgeny Loginov, the head of Aeroflot, announced that Russia's planned SST "will be faster than the Anglo-French one," adding that "apparently we will not be late." Western experts do not believe that the Russians, who lean to conservative solutions of engineering problems, could possibly put out a competitive plane, but the appearance of a Russian plane before the West's would be a propaganda boon. A prototype of the British-French Concorde is not expected to fly until at least 1967, and a U.S. one not until well after that. What is worse, the price tag of the Concorde to individual airlines has jumped from \$10 million to \$14 million each.

WEST GERMANY

Surprise Bid

With Fritz-Aurel Goergen, the boss of West Germany's Henschel Works, awaiting trial on charges that he cheated the government in a \$16 million tank deal, businessmen have been wondering what would happen to the vast heavy-equipment firm he made one of Germany's most profitable. Last week Essen's Rheinische Stahlwerke ended the speculation by making a bid to purchase Henschel, a move that would catapult the enlarged firm to third place among Germany's coal and steel giants (after Thyssen and Krupp).

Rhein Stahl sells steel to Henschel, whose production of heavy trucks complements Rhein Stahl's lighter line. Most important, Henschel is at a crossroads where it needs both larger injections of cash and a new guiding light to replace the ailing Goergen. Fritz-Aurel Goergen would be delighted to sell out to Rhein Stahl, and in fact began merger talks with Rhein Stahl Boss Werner Söhngen more than a year ago, but he owns only 53.9% of the stock. Most of the rest is in the hands of such U.S. investors as Morgan Guaranty Trust, Wall Street's Burnham & Co. and Financier Joseph R. Nash, who together paid \$10 million for their stock. So far, Rhein Stahl and the U.S. interests have not agreed on the sale, and at week's end, Söhngen warned that "without Goergen, the situation at Henschel could only get worse." He set an Aug. 7 deadline for Henschel's minority stockholders to make up their minds.



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CINEMA

Susannah, Dhana & Ng

The 7th Dawn. It is Malaya, 1953. One sweltering tropic night, while native terrorists scourge the countryside trying to shake off British rule, the British governor's inevitable blonde daughter Susannah (Tom Jones) York appears on William Holden's verandah, ready to shake off a few rules of her own. "I couldn't sleep," she announces, and begins to wax poetic, describing herself as a bright, soft, still-folded sarong. "Stay folded," snaps Holden.

Collectors of Memorable Movie Clichés will find *Dawn* a treasure-trove. American rubber planter Holden bristles when Her Majesty's representative tells him that *someone* has to make the terrorists understand Britain's position. "Why me?" he asks. The reasons are many. First, because he wouldn't let the Commies take over Southeast Asia without a fight, would he? Second, because he is a wartime buddy of the Red Guerrilla Leader Ng, who helped him drive the Japanese out of Malaya in 1945. Third, because his mistress—and Ng's longtime secret love—is Dhana (Capucine), a Eurasian schoolteacher beloved of all the people, though her high chic-bones suggest that she may be a secret agent for *Harper's Bazaar*.

Soon both the women in Holden's life are seized as hostages, and his problem is to save one or the other, or possibly both, before *The 7th Dawn*. While the British prepare to hang Capucine as a saboteur, the suffixal Ng warns Susannah: "If Dhana is not released, you will be given to my soldiers. When they are through with you, you will be killed."

In a film short on surprises, the most surprising thing is that Holden's widely publicized off-screen romance with Capucine generates so little on-screen excitement. All too heedful of Hero Holden's tender regard for his co-star, the camera pores over both handsome profiles in a gallant but rather wearisome game of His and Hers. Mostly hers.



CAPUCINE IN "7TH DAWN"
A hint of Harper's Bazaar.



KAYE & JUNIOR IN "DOLPHINS"
The best since pretty Red Wing.

Alone on a Wide Wide Sea

Island of the Blue Dolphins. She is a legend: a ghostly aboriginal known as the Lost Woman of San Nicolas. She is also a historical fact: an Indian girl, left behind when her tribe abandoned an islet off the California coast, who for almost 18 years (1835-53) subsisted there in solitude. She is furthermore the subject of a 1960 novel by Scott O'Dell. And she is now the heroine of this intelligent and tasteful little film, the very model of what children's pictures ought to be but seldom are.

In the film as in the book, the heroine is a maiden named Karana, the daughter of a Chumash chief. When the chief and most of his warriors are slaughtered by a treacherous fur trader, the discouraged remnant migrates to the mainland. But Karana's little brother misses the boat. "He will die!" Karana screams as she leaps from the ship's dory and strikes out for the shore.

He dies despite her loving care—torn to pieces by a big yellow mongrel trained by the treacherous fur trader. In grief and fury Karana tracks the mongrel down and puts an arrow through him. But the brute, though deeply stricken, hangs onto life; and Karana, though rightfully revenged, begins by pitying and ends by nursing him. By the time he is well, she has come to love her enemy. Together they assail the seasons of their exile cheerfully, and make a life of what might otherwise have merely been a fate.

Blue Dolphins was made by a team (Producer Robert Radnitz, Director James Clark, Scriptwriter Ted Sheredman) that in recent years has turned out two other children's classics: *A Dog of Flanders* (1959) and *Misty* (1961). In all three pictures Radnitz & Co. have provided sentiment without sentimentality and a moral without a lecture. This time they also provide some smashing scenery—the Anchor Bay country of northern California—without too pointedly stopping to stare at it. And

they provide two remarkably attractive performers. Celia Kaye, in her first film, makes the most charming Indian maiden since pretty Red Wing. And the actor who plays the mongrel—his name is Junior, and he is the son of the dog who played Old Yeller for Walt Disney—possesses a distinction rare in cinemutts: he is a dog who is just plain dog.

Sick Comedy

Doctor in Distress is a movie title containing a germ of self-diagnosis. Britain's popular *Doctor* series, begun nearly ten years ago, has, with this fifth reprise, taken a decided turn for the worse. All the hospital hanky-panky is still there. All the droll British bit players. All the anatomical jokes, delivered by Dr. Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde) and Sir Lancelot Spratt (James Robertson Justice), whose medicareers have provided them with a decade of job security. But the humor has grown progressively more frail, foolish and familiar. Nobody really cares when the adipose Sir Lancelot goes on a diet to win the love of his physiotherapist, and deep within the tissue of this feeble jest is what sounds like a cry for help. Clearly, the *Doctors* are begging to be put out of their misery. Anyone for euthanasia?

Surf Bore

For Those Who Think Young borrows a popular soft-drink slogan, but carelessly omits the fizz. Probably it never should have been put in the can. Disguised as a surf saga, the movie has one good surfing sequence and little else. Pamela Tiffin, James Darren, Tina Louise, Nancy Sinatra, Comedians Paul Lynde and Woody Woodbury struggle to get a foothold in the slippery story about a rich campus cutup and a poor co-ed. But the standout performer is a bearded beachnik called Kelp. He paints a small face on his chin, upside down. Then he covers himself with sand, leaving the bottom half of his face exposed, and spels gags. The gags aren't funny, but in a movie like this the audience can readily identify with a man who buries his head in the sand.



NANCY SINATRA & BEACHNIK IN "YOUNG"
A shortage of fizz.

BOOKS

The Strength of One

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION by Ken Kesey. 628 pages. Viking. \$7.50.

A good man is hard to find, and intolerable to men and gods once he is found. The age of the anti-hero tends to overlook this fascinating half-truth, which is the durable paradox at the core of *Oedipus Rex* and *Othello*. But Ken Kesey used it well in his short,



KEN KESSEY

A virtue that divides.

cruelly focused first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, McMurphy, laughing con man and indestructible alley fighter, cons his way into an insane asylum to escape the drudgery of a prison farm. His battle is with Big Nurse, the white-starched emasculator who bulls his ward, and he beats her every round except the inevitable last one. And, capering defiantly toward the lobotomist's knife, he pipes the other inmates toward self-respect, a service they resent all the more because the journey terrifies them.

Kesey's second novel, which is longer and less well focused, reworks the same theme, and with almost the same hero. The effect is not that of an author repeating himself because he has nothing new to say, but of a man whose mind has been seized by something that will not let it free.

At Arm's Length. Hank Stamper is a McMurphy who stops rambling and gambling and comes home, with a pretty wife jouncing on the back of his Harley-Davidson, to boss his father's logging operation in Oregon. He had been a phenomenal high school athlete, strong enough to hold a double-bitted ax at arm's length for 8 min. 36 sec.; at 36 he is still able to bare-knuckle the swag-gar out of the biggest lumberjack in the Northwest.

Stamper's strength is as the strength of one, and naturally none of the self-

divided souls around him can tolerate so much indivisible virtue. The townspeople are feuding with him because he won't join a logging strike (this may be the only novel about workmen in which the strikers are villains), and his bookish young half brother, Lee, is trying to break him.

Will the weight of envious mediocrities and malevolent mischance bring Stamper down, or will he be able to float his log booms down the river in time to meet his contract? The question sounds like rank melodrama, but it is not; Author Kesey's novel is big and clumsy, but its questions matter very much.

Or some of them do. Half Brother Lee, the book's Iago, lacks the flawed strength required for the role. He is just not very interesting, and when it is revealed that he hates Stamper because he once slept with Lee's mother, the reader does not care enough to believe or disbelieve the gimmick.

Big & Twisted. Kesey has given himself space for some funny, sharply drawn minor characters and some fine logging scenes. But there is too much of the tedious Lee, too many throw-in anecdotes. The book suffers from a Thomas Wolfish effort to be as big and brawling as the country it describes. The attempt blurs Kesey's view of his real theme—the weakness of the strong and the persistent tyranny of the weak.

But the view is there. And the best of it is the dim understanding that comes to Lee and the townspeople: they can't stand for Stamper to win, but they feel cheated and confused when he begins to lose. But Kesey understands that intolerable as a good man may be to men and gods, his defeat is even more so. Perhaps in that paradox is the twisted tragedy.

A Case of Forced Faith

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN by Louis Auchincloss. 341 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.95.

After writing several urbane, rather thin novels about people with too much money, Louis Auchincloss has now written a much meatier novel about a man with too many morals: the puritanical headmaster of a New England boys' school.

Francis Prescott is about to retire after 55 years as rector of Justin Martyr school, and his life is narrated by people who have known him: students, teachers, family. For the leisurely first half of the book only his admirers comment on him, and they see him much as he sees himself: a man of rocklike integrity and boundless Christian charity. Says one ex-pupil: "His kindness was overwhelming, without ever being in the least sentimental; without even, perhaps, being personal. He raised the great beaker of his hope to my lips like a communion cup and watched with

grave countenance as I drank, and when he took it away, I knew that it was because I had had enough."

Strange Obsession. But eventually Prescott's detractors have their say. On the surface the old man is all assurance and firm faith, but Auchincloss neatly reveals, bit by bit, how forced that faith is. Prescott is a ferocious disciplinarian and moralist in order to cover his own numerous anxieties. He is strangely obsessed, for instance, with homosexuality. He encourages vicious hazing to make the boys "tough." All play is aggressively organized, and Prescott will not let the boys wander off anywhere in pairs. "I did not think a hundred examples of David and Jonathan were worth one of sodomy!" he thunders.

It gradually becomes evident that Prescott will move mountains for boys who accept his authority, but anyone who questions it is in for trouble. One wayward student locks the great man in his office, forcing him to make an undignified exit down a ladder from the window. An outraged Prescott takes his revenge by making a moral issue of the prank and ultimately hounds the boy to suicide.

Shrill Idealism. Perhaps in rebellion against tyrannical Daddy, Prescott's cynical, slatternly daughter Cordelia seduces one of his prize ex-pupils, Charley Strong, and shacks up with him in Paris. Poor Charley, missing one lung from shrapnel in World War I, has not long to live, and Cordelia genuinely loves him. But Prescott is determined to save them both. He pops up in Paris "at his most ebullient, his most awful." He takes over Charley and ousts Cordelia. When Charley dies, it is in Prescott's, not Cordelia's arms, and it is clear that Prescott has replaced everyone, including God, in Charley's affections. In a final fervid confession Char-



LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
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ley writes of his headmaster: "He it was who baptized and confirmed me, he who talked to me of my doubts and miseries, he who gave me a love that made the shallow, prattling love of shallow, prattling parents seem like spray on one's face in a speedboat at sea. Yes, hope is only in him. Redemption is only in him."

Is Prescott's Justin a "Garden of Eden," as one student believes, or a place of "little shrill idealism," as another thinks? The reader can take his choice though Auchincloss, who apparently enjoyed his own tutelage at Groton, emphasizes the shrillness. Auchincloss is careful to disassociate his hero-headmaster from any real-life counterpart like Groton's Endicott Peabody, but Old Boys everywhere will nevertheless recognize the rector as a familiar enough type. Auchincloss may seem to have expended too much sound and fury over something so small in the universe as a prep school; a crazed old man like Lear (upon whom Prescott was obviously modeled) was at least a king. But Auchincloss writes in the manner of Henry James, finding great moral dilemmas in small events. Ever since James, novelists have delighted in exposing the ambiguities in the most high-minded behavior, and Prescott is the latest in a long line of puritans to take a beating.

If Marx Had Bathed

TODA RABA by Nikos Kazantzakis. 220 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

Most of the early apologists for the Russian Revolution scribbled down their dreams and enthusiasms and glossed over the cruelties they saw with their own eyes. One who did not was the great Greek novelist Nikos Kazantzakis, who toured Soviet Russia in the 1920s and put down his impressions in novelistic form. Translated for the first time into English, *Toda Raba* shows that Kazantzakis overlooked nothing: the ruthless exploitation, the sterile wrangling over doctrine, the starvation, the basest executions.

Kazantzakis had convinced himself that all great movements in human history must be cruel. He had only contempt for the "delicate, refined type, the intellectual with noble ideas and liberal traditions," who expected to find liberty and gracious living in Communist Russia. One of the novel's characters, the Greek poet Geranos, apparently speaks for Kazantzakis: "It isn't Russia that interests me, but the flame consuming Russia. Amelioration of the fate of the masses or of the elite; happiness, justice, virtue: these things that lure so many people do not catch me."

Misfits from Abroad. *Toda Raba* deals with a group of people from various cultures and nations who travel to Moscow for the tenth anniversary celebration of the October Revolution. They are mostly "refined" types who cannot meet the terrible demands of



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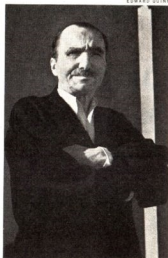
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TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

Communism, and eventually disintegrate. A softhearted, contemplative Chinese Buddhist dies of sorrow because he cannot bear the "necessary" murders of Communism. A beautiful Jewess from Poland commits suicide because she is weak enough to fall in love with a Communist militant, and there is no room for love in Communism. An old Bolshevik finds himself a misfit because he cannot adapt to the routine, bone-wearying tasks of organizing a Communist nation; he wanders aimlessly about calling for one more revolution to purify the world.

At the novel's climax, the various nationalities, densely massed, file past Lenin's tomb in a superspectacular parade, chanting "Lenin! Lenin!" When Toda Raba, leader of the African Communists, passes, he raises his arms, tries to cry out Lenin's name; but all that

EDWARD GUINN



NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS (1954)
In a growl, ultimate meaning.

comes is a "hoarse, inhuman growl." And that, implies Kazantzakis, is the ultimate meaning of Communism: an expression of man's rawest emotions.

A Weakness for Victims. Despite his sympathy for the Revolution, Kazantzakis was not much of a fellow traveler (though his wife tries to make him out to be one in a postscript to the book). A gentle poet, he was determined to face manfully up to what he mistakenly thought was the wave of the future. He was obviously bored by Communist rhetoric, much more excited by the ancient, colorful, teeming Russian cities; and these inspired his best writing. At the "lovely and voluptuous and somnolent" city of Tiflis, an old man tells the Greek poet: "If Karl Marx had been born at Tiflis and every morning had plunged his ponderous body and bandit's beard into the warm sulphur water of the *hammam* and then strolled, pleasantly weary, under our flowering trees, I am sure he would have had a different conception of life, a more human one. The destiny of the world would have taken a different course."

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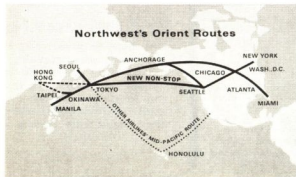


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Also Current

ON ICE by Jack Gelber. 311 pages. Macmillan. \$4.95.

Jack Gelber's first play, *The Connection*, was set half a league to hellward of the boundary where bohemianism shades into crime and insanity. Its heroes were heroin addicts, its dialogue had the tape-recorder hiss of genuine desperation, and the result was a 32-month run off-Broadway. Gelber's first novel seemingly starts off to make that same scene. Marijuana smoke curls up from the pages; the characters are mostly Greenwich Village idiots. But



JACK GELBER
Upfall to suburbia.

though the chief idiot, Manny Fells, has lowered himself by his own bootstraps into the right kind of roach-ridden Manhattan loft studio, he is neither junkie nor jazzman but a 26-year-old adolescent with tired blood. Hunger, and doubtless boredom, drives him to nothing more desperate than a temporary Christmastime job with a schlock detective agency. The agency lends him a car, car and cash attract a girl friend, and his upfall is assured. Author Gelber's anteroom to hell has become a shabby little way station on the train ride to suburbia.

THE STONE ANGEL by Margaret Laurence. 308 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Margaret Laurence is a 37-year-old Canadian whose publishers have taken the "unusual gamble" of bringing out three of her books on the same day. *The Stone Angel*, her second novel, is accompanied by a first collection of short stories, *The Tomorrow-Tamer*, and a travel book, *New Wind in a Dry Land*. Although she does not live up to her publishers' extravagant billing, she demonstrates in *The Stone Angel* that she has a true novelist's gift for catching a character in mid-passion and life at full flood. The character is Hagar Shipley, who mixes past and present indiscriminately, telling now of her efforts to avoid the old ladies' home

to which her son wishes to send her, now of the life she led as a girl and a young bride at a bleak crossroads town on the Canadian prairie, now of the small, ugly ways in which her body, at 90, has betrayed her. As she daydreams and chatters and lurches through the novel, she traces one of the most convincing—and the most touching—portraits of an unregenerate sinner declining into senility since Sara Monday went to her reward in Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*.

PATH OF DALLIANCE by Auberon Waugh. 284 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

Auberon Waugh wrote his first novel, he explained, because it was what was expected of him in a literary family: Father Evelyn wrote *Decline and Fall* at 25, and Uncle Alec wrote *The Loom of Youth* at 19. Having produced *The Foxglove Saga* at 21 ("My boy," his father had told him, "it is time you wrote your first book"), Auberon announced his retirement from literature. It is a shame he changed his mind. *Foxglove Saga* was modeled rather too closely after *Decline and Fall*—but at least it was funny. *Path of Dalliance* is modeled on the same book, but is a bore. The trouble seems to be that Auberon has become a little bored with his father's titled ghosts, and he somehow never puts them in motion. As they meander through Oxford together, their languid adventures seem more pathetic than comic—for the good reason that they belong to a world that disappeared just about the time Evelyn was writing its obituary. It is a little like seeing Buster Keaton hurl a custard pie into empty air.

TRIAL AT MONOMOY by John Masters. 341 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.95.

Since the early '50s, John Masters has turned out eleven books, most of them set against the Kipling backdrop of India under British rule. *Bhowani Junction* (1954); probably the best-known, was snapped up by Hollywood as a starring vehicle for Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger. Novelist Masters has now tried his first U.S. setting. His fans are in for a letdown. There is no suggestion of the exotic about town meetings in a Cape Cod village, and Ava Gardner would not think of playing the prissy schoolmarm who passes for a heroine. But Masters' whole troupe could be rounded up in half an hour by Central Casting. There is the young floozy with a heart of gold, the third selectman who drinks, the third selectman who paints nudes on the sly, the young aristocrat who comes home with a beautiful Negro fiancée—and many more. By way of catharsis, they are all herded into a snowbound village hotel. Who will crumble, who will turn out to be true-blue? Since the main business of Hollywood these days is making films for TV, a weekly series based on *Trial at Monomoy* might run forever.

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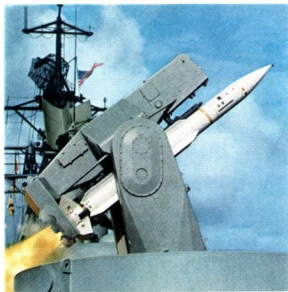
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